

THE
PLEASURES
OF
Matrimony,

Intermix'd with Variety of Merry
and Delightful Stories.

CONTAINING
The Charms and Content-
ments of Wooing and Wedlock,
in all its Injoyments, Recreations
and Divertisements.

L O N D O N,

Printed by *A. G.* for *Henry Rhodes,*
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And Entered according to
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TO THE
READERS,
BOTH
MALE and FEMALE.

AS I hope to be Knighted, it is not that I have more of Partiality, or Dissimulation toward the Men, than toward the Women: Neither Fond Affection, nor Bumm-Bribery, has induc'd me to these Expostulations; but out of meer Pity and Compassion; or rather out of a Kind of Disgust, to see poor Matrimony run down, and loaded with such a vast Weight of Inconveniences, as would be enough to sink a First Rate Frigate; as if they intended to alter the whole Course of Nature, or else to extinguish the whole Race of Mankind. Proflusion of Habit, Prodigality of Diet, the wast of Visits, and the Consumption of Entertainments; all are attributed to Matrimony. Nay Hippolitus in Euripides, is so enrag'd against the Female Sex, that he expostulates with Jupiter, why he did not find some other way to procreate Mankind, than by Creating of Women; For thus, says he,

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To the Readers, both

Oh *Jupiter*, what cause of thy so cruel
Hate,
That thou didst Woman, thus for Man
Create?
If 'twere thy aim to propagate Man
kind,
The Female way ought not have been
design'd;
But Men into thy Temples should have
brought
Or Brass, or Steel, or Gold more purely
wrought:
These might'st thou have transform'd
and then should we
Have liv'd in Peace, from Female Fury
free.

But when we Consider the great Advantages men have over Women, to plead their own Justifications; when we consider, that Women are not sent to School, to be Buttock'd into Latin, nor posted to the University to Learn to Chop Logick; they may Scold for themselves indeed; but they shall never be able to wipe off the Study'd Scandals of Malicious Eloquence. Nor are the Men ignorant of this Advantage of theirs, which makes 'em improve it to the height; and that with so much Injustice, and Partiality to themselves, as if they were Saints, and the Women Devils.

But

Male and Female.

But the poor Women must not be thus run down for want of a little Logick. Rather let 'em bear up to the Bar of Chester; let 'em pluck up a good Heart, and retort upon their Male Adversaries, the Calumnies which they would fix upon their Innocence.

One Man Condemns Matrimony, because he has a Shrew to his Wife; which is only for want of Knowledge: For a Shrew is the best Woman in Nature; and makes a Man both a Poet and a Philosopher. A Combat between an Amazon with her Skimmer and Potlid, and the Knight of the Basting-Ladle, is a Theam for a Second Homer. And then she makes a Man a Philosopher by exercising the noblest of his Virtues, his Patience. Another blames Wedlock for having a Slut; whereas Sluttury is but an Emblem of the simplicity of the Old World, before Pomp and Luxury came in Fashion. A Third banns Marriage, because he thinks himself a Cuckold; and yet there's not one in Five thousand that cares to be confin'd himself. Another says his Wife loves Brandy, and therefore Storms at Matrimony; as if Bacchus were not as well Female as Male; and Women had not as much Right to Drink as Men. There's no Deceit in a Brimmer; and therefore let a Woman drink Brandy, and you shall always know the Secrets of her Heart. Upon these

To the Readers, &c.

and the like Grounds it is, that the Men have got a Trick to lay all the Weight and Burthen of their Fears, Jealousies, Discontents, Disquiets, their running in Debt, their Breaking, all upon the Womens Backs; and Matrimony too must be Arraigned for their Sakes. But should we bring the Miscarriages of Men, and the Womens Failings, both to the Bar of Justice, and weigh them both one against the other, 'tis to be feared the Men's Scale would be so Heavy as that you could hardly lift it, and the Women's so light as scarcely to be felt. Now therefore I would have the Men be but so ingenious, for the reparation of Injuries so long done the Female Sex; as to resign the Government of the World for a while into the Womens hands. I dare be bold to say, we should then have a General Peace. All Quarrels about Religion would be at an End. Gun-Smiths and Powder Makers might go Hang themselves; and then for Bawdy-Houses there would not be one left in the Nation: Which would be a Blessed Reformation. Therefore that the Men may see their Errors, we have here shew'd 'em their Defects: And for the Women, let 'em but Justifie themselves according to the Instructions here set down, and the Matrimony will sit Enthron'd with all her Pleasures round about her, freed from all the Calumnies and Reproaches thrown upon Her.

INTRO

INTRODUCTION.

THERE is nothing more desired, nothing more coveted by both the Sexes of Men and Women, than Matrimony. It has been in high esteem among all Nations, from the beginning of the World. And this desire it was that made *Cain* take such a tedious Journey into the Land of *Nod*, to get him a Wife: For there is a Natural propensity in Man, to propagate and continue his kind. Now least this propensity should slacken in either Sex, Nature has furnished *Matrimony* with those Concomitant and Convenient Pleasures and Delights, which render it so Charming, that it is impossible to prevent the Impetuosity of Ardent Flame, and Youthful desire. *Venus* whom the Poets feign to be the Goddess of Pleasure, Caresses, Delight, and Carnal Procreation, was Born out of the Genitals of *Cælum*, snipt off by *Saturn* in a Jealous Frolick, and thrown into the Sea; where she had her Birth without a Mother, from the Froth of those

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Parts;

Parts; which was done in Honour of Matrimony, to deifie Coition and Natural Conjunction. Till that time, they say, that the whole Race of Fish was almost extinguished; but so soon as *Venus* had power over the Sea, then it was that Herrings and Mackrel began to encrease at that prodigious rate as now they do. She was Cradl'd first in a Mother of Pearl-shell, to shew that the Nuptial Streets ought to be without defilement; she was also said to be Born Laughing, for that Sweetness, Chearful Discourses, Smiles, and Caresses ought to be the Concomitants of Matrimony. Some say indeed that when she came to be Marry'd, she would now and then take up a Stone with her Ear; which is the Reason that Matrimony does not always succeed so happily as might be desir'd: Without doubt her Familiarity with *Adonis*, was a spot to her Reputation, and her being taken in the Act with *Mars*, was another stain to her Honour: But that she was the first Inventress of Whoring can never be, because it is apparent that there were many Women in the World before she was Born. Besides, she was a Goddess of a haughty, revengeful Humour and one that mortally hated a slight: Insomuch that when the *Lemni-*

an Women neglected the Sacrifices, which she lookt upon to be her due, she did something to 'em, that occasion'd such a rank smell and strong perfume from their Bodies, that their Husbands could not endure 'em. Thereupon the Men made a War with their Neighbours, and plunder'd all the Women out of their Enemies Country, to supply the Room of their all-to-be-*Assafatida's* Wives : which put the Women into such a rage, that in one Night, they killed all their Husbands, and their Captive Mistresses ; and least their Sons should revenge the Death of their Fathers when they came of Age, they slew them too. This was a bad Example, which many Women are too apt to follow, and daily put in practice, If their Husbands fail their Expectations, and neglect to give them their due.

Now for these Reasons, and for some other, too long to enumerate, tho' Matrimony has been all along thus deify'd, tho' there be nothing more desired, and sought after by all Ages and Sexes, and tho' it have several Comforts and Complacencies in it ; yet there is a General Clamour against it, and there are others that condemn it, inveigh against it, and cry it down, as the only occasion and Root of

all the mischiëfs, disturbances and vexations that perplex and plague Mankind, and render Life uncomfortable ; inſomuch that many Men chooſe to prefer a Wanton, Lawleſs, and Laſcivious Liberty, before Honelt and Vertuous Matrimonial Confinement, to the unſpeakable Conſumption of Lenitive Electuary, Venice Turpentine, Sarſaparilla and Quick ſilver, the ruin of their Bodies, the Mutilation of their Noble parts, and the Overſpreading production of Vermin Mountebanks. And this it is that has engag'd us to Publiſh theſe few Sheets, with a laudable Intention to ſeparate the Comforts from the Diſcomforts of Matrimony ; thereby to recover reproached Wedlock from the Scandals thrown upon her, and to reſtore her to the good Opinion of her Adverſaries.

Some then there are that ſay there are but ten Comforts in Matrimony ; others allow Fifteen and that's the moſt : But for Diſcomforts, they ſwear they are not able to number 'em. They ſay, that if in every Age, all that have received prejudice from Matrimony ſhould but open their Mouths together, there would be ſuch a Din, that if any thing avail'd her it would be only this, that the reſt would never be able to hear her Accuſers. And for Confirmation

firmation of this, they tell us a Story of one Madam *Pandora*, that had a Box, and that when she open'd this Box, there flew out the Devil and all of Matrimonial Discomforts. But in regard these upbraiders of *Matrimony* where no Fathers of the Church, therefore we are not lightly to give Credit to their Authority.

If there are *Fifteen* Comforts in Matrimony; by'r Lady, there are enough, (for who would not Marry to enjoy Fifteen Comforts?) I wish we may make our words good, and find out Fifteen; for the Ancient Philosophers counted Seven to be the Number of perfection; now in Fifteen there is twice Seven, two perfect Numbers, and one to spare. So that had Matrimony but Seven Comforts, it had the perfect Number of Comforts, which were sufficient; but Fifteen is a Number of Supererogation, and therefore there can be nothing said against it. But now I think on't, there is one Comfort more, which has not been thought upon, which tho' it be not in Matrimony it self, yet it is so Essential to Matrimony, that Wedlock cannot be without it, and always preceeds it, which is the Comfort of *Wooing*; which makes me think that if we should go about to Romage for Matrimonial Comforts,

forts, we should find a great many more. But first let us see to make out these Sixteen, and then a Figg for *Pandora* and her Box to boot.

I. *The Comforts of Wooing.*

ALL Men that design Matrimony, must first pitch upon some object of his Affections, which must be a living Person of the Female Sex. To which purpose when he considers his Youth, his Strength, his Vigour, Health and Riches it cannot be a small Comfort to him to find himself so qualify'd for such an important enterprize. But if he be handsome withal, he has this additional satisfaction and confidence in himself, that there are more *Maids* than *Maukins*, and that the World, being so wide as it is, if one will not, another must stoop to his easie Batteries.

Now then, what's the first thing to be done? — Why, in the first place the young Courtier trims himself in *Querpo*, and according to his degree makes himself as fine as Thimbleman and Sempstrets can make him; pays for his Cloths, or goes upon Tick with his Taylor; and then 'tis no small Comfort to him that he can be trusted.

trusted. After that he marches in his Pontificalibus to some eminent Church; there he stares, gapes and looks about him; and instead of lending his Ears to the Minister, with all the content imaginable feeds his Eyes, gratifies and satiates his Fancy with variety of Objects, and picks out three or four which he thinks may prove for his turn.

This done, he finds out their several Habitations, makes diligent Enquiry after their Fortunes, at whose disposal they are, whether of Guardians, or Fathers, or Mothers, or both; whether closely kept in, or left to Freedom; and which way the most proper to make his Addresses. An Employment or rather spending of a young Mans time, than which there can be none more agreeable to exercise the mind and thoughts of an Amorous Sprigal, who all this while believes himself wrapt up in his Mothers Smock, and thinks no Virgin able to withstand his brisk Assaults.

After this he takes his Friend to the Tavern, unbosoms his Amours, drinks her Health, and Gad (quoth he) a pretty Black-ey'd, Smirking Rogue—I would I had her in her Night-Clothes—Whuh Pox (quo' his Friend) ne'er fear it Boy.

—— Were I i'thy Condition, I'd make no more to carry her, than to drink of this Glas — and so here'a to her again. Thus is the Young Lover in a pleasing Ecstasie, and ravished with his hopes, drinks on till he believes he has her in his Arms. What Hours of greater Bliss than these? While a Man's Senses shall be all the while, as it were wrapt up in such Pleasing Dreams as will not let the least disquiet enter to annoy his Thoughts?

The very beating his Brains to accomplish his design, are all along a pleasure to him. For Lovers like Warriours in pursuit of Victory, take delight in the toil and management of their Contrivances.

And perhaps by this time he has found the Maid to be his Mistresses Crony and Cabinet Counsellor. Now there is no Father or Mother, Uncle or Aunt, that will deny a Young Spark the first Visit when he comes, as they say, in the way of Honesty. In what a Rapture of Joy is he then upon his first Admittance? One Kiss of Formality, a Gracious Smile to his first Complement recompense an Age of future Powting and Lowting, should it so fall out. The happiness of one Hours first enjoyment of her Virgin-Company, over-values the succeeding Curtain Lectures of her

her whole Life. The Comforts of Woo-
 ing are so great, that I am apt to think,
 if a Man were to Woe once a Month, *Solon*
 would have alter'd his Judgment, and
 counted him the happiell Man iⁿ the World.
 Then at his Departure he steals into the
 Maids Hand the King's Picture imprinted
 upon a small round piece of Gold, which
 begets such a Character of him in the Maids
 Breast, that she extols him from Top to
 Toe, praises the very Buckling of his Shooes,
 as having something in it beyond the neat-
 ness of other Men, and reads him all over
 to her Mistress as the only person fit to be
 Entertained in her Affections, but above
 all things forgets not to make particular
 Observations upon the proportion of his
 Nose. Within a day or two my Spark
 goes again, at which time the Officious
 Maid is ready to Conduct him up Stairs;
 and by her Smiles and her Curches, gives
 him to understand that his Yellow Physick
 has wrought. If the Lady be coy and keep
 a formal distance; 'tis no more then what
 he was rationally to expect; for it is not
 yet seasonable to come bluntly to the Que-
 stion: However he finds her Complaisant,
 and Modestly Civil; which enlivens him
 with fresh hopes, and inspires new joys
 into his Soul. Here happens a longer stay

and more hours of Comfort, and Consolation worth a Bushel of *March* Dust ; so that the young *Inamorato* takes his leave with all the satisfaction in the World : yet not so forgetful neither of his Indulgent Sollicitress, but that he drops another Cordial into her wary hand, Cudsbodikins, (quo she) to her Mistress, within a day or two after, where do you think I ha' bin this morning ? I don't know, (quo the young Gentlewoman ;) Why Fachins I have bin with the Conjuror at *Black-Friars Gate*——He's the rarest Man in the World——I ask'd him whether such a Gentleman did Court my Mistress, or no ?——And he did but only cast his Eye in a great Book, and told me, Yes. Nay he describ'd the Gentleman by his Cloths and his Hair, so exactly as if he had drawn his Picture ; and told me he was the Person and no other that was ordain'd for you——for your better satisfaction, I would have you go to him your self——'tis but missing your Prayer time to morrow Morning and taking a tripp to his Chamber. This fires the young Gentlewoman, and away she trips from her Devotion to Consult *Taurus* and *Gemini*, concerning her Sweet-heart : And no wonder the Conjuror told her so right, when
the

the Gipsie her Maid, had informed him before. However the young Gentlewoman comes home full fraught with Coelestial Prognostication, and begins to settle Affection.

Now what greater Pleasure can a young Wooer have, than to understand, (for the Maid, if she be not a worse Devil than the Devil she went to, will be certain to give him Intelligence of these important passages) I say what greater pleasure can a young Wooer have, than to understand that his Mistress is so afraid of missing him, that she goes to the Devil's Secretary to consult the assurance of her Happiness?

Embolden'd therefore by these successes, the young Wooer begins now to think of settling a Correspondence; which his new purchas'd Friend, the Chamber-maid, is not only dextrous, but officiously ready to manage. Then he writes, and his Mistress Answers; then he Answers, and his Mistress writes again; and this begets more rejoinders and surrejoinders than a Chancery Sute. What tho' the Language be borrow'd on both sides? What tho' the softness and meltingness of the Expressions were not inspir'd by Nature, but taken out of the Academy of Complements,

or

or nimm'd out of *Cupid's Cabinet*, or purloin'd from other Learned Authors, who have spent their time to furnish young Lovers with the Flowers of Amorous perswasion? What if he meet with nothing but blots and blurs, and only the Resemblances of the Letters of the *Alphabet*? What of all this? He's the more certain 'tis her own hand, and it shews the more of a Female Politician; for Mysteries and Secrets many times require to be shrouded in Characters: So that if he can but pick out the meaning and discover any thing of an Amorous Complacency towards him, 'tis enough. Then what a Surmounting pleasure it's to him, to read it over and over again? He kisses and buſſes it; simpers and smiles to himself; lifts up his Eyes and Hands to Heaven; blesses and hugs himself with his own Arms, that were to be seen in these Transports of his Amorous Passion; there's no Body but would think him an Antick, or a Mad-man. All the day long he believes himself in Paradise; and at Night laying the Letter, or rather *Billet doux* upon his Pillow, falls into more pleasing Dreams than ever lull'd *Endymion* upon the Mountain *Ida*. What greater pleasures can a young Wooer wish for, unless it were the enjoyment

ment it self? But because that cannot be presently had, therefore the little Winged Archer diverts his Fancy in these pleasing Elysiums, encircld with a thousand flattering Beatitudes.

But this is not all, presently fresh Intelligence comes, that his Mistress is to be such a Night at a great Dancing bout at *Pin-makers-Hall, Wine-Office-Court in Fleet-street*, or let it be where it will. Cudsbobs, there's News indeed; it makes his Heart cut Capers for joy in his Belly, and a Tickling Pleasure runs through every Vein of his Body; so that when the time draws nigh, on go the Silk Stockings, the new Shooes, clean Ruffles, the long curling Periwig, and his Cap Button'd up a one side. If a young Lawyer, he bruks all his Clients; if a young Shop-keeper, he leaves the Porter to shut up; if a young Apprentice, he pretends an Appointment to receive Money; and then he dresses himself at the place where all his Gaiety lies leager. By and by to the Dancing-School he comes, as fine as a Lord, enters the Room, looks for his Mistress, she is not there; by and by she comes——but then how he smirks and simpers! What would he have more, unless he were a Bed with her? He is present with his Mistress, he has

has her by the Hand, the delight of his Soul, the joy of his Heart, he feels her Palm, he whirls her about in a Country Jigg; and by and by calls for a kissing Dance—Can any man be so sottish as to think this is no pleasure to a young Wooer? Cud-foot, he must needs have lost his Senses that thinks so. By and by he pretends to whisper under her Hood, and steals a kiss—Nouns and Pronouns, do ye think that's no pleasure to a young Wooer? She Sweats, and he Wipes off the Pearls from her Nose, with Handkerchief dipt in Essence of Oranges——She sits down to rest her self, and he sits down by her, tells her a thousand pretty Stories, and squeezes her Hand all the while——Then comes another young Lady, and takes the young Wooer out, as they call it; and then he has an opportunity to shew the roundness of his Calves, the neatness of his Feet, his handsome Shape, and nimble Limbs; for he Dances like any thing——because his Mistress is in presence. Then he comes and sits down by his Mistress again, wipes his Face; and with his smiling Eyes seems to ask her, how she lik'd him? To which she with a smiling Eye and a blushing Check, seems to make answer and cry, mightily Well. Then a Gentleman takes
his

his Mistress out——and then is he blest with the most charming sight in the World——he admires her swimming carriage——the holding of her Petticoat bewitches him, and the Cœlestial motion of her Buttocks transports him ; but the brideling her Chin, and the ruddy Colour in her Cheeks, ravishes him up into the third Heaven. Then she comes and sits down by her sweet Swattenkin again, who seems to be transported with Joy ; and tells her in her Ear, with a 'Protest and a vow, *Madam*, that she danced like an Angel : Then she wipes her Face, but putting her Handkerchief up in a careless manner, he takes an occasion to steal it from her, and conveys it into his own Coat-Pocket. Verily, if I don't believe, 'twas some Handkerchief-Stealer that invented those Pockets, hang me, they are so very convenient. But then he thinks himself as rich as if he were Landlord of all the Mines of *Pern* : I'll warrant you, he would not part with that Handkerchief for all the Silver that was so lately recover'd out of the Sea. For this Handkerchief works Miracles too ; it makes the young Wooer a Poet to a Miracle, tho' he never made Verses before ; yet he sends her such a Copy upon

upon the Stealing of her Handkerchief, that she never repents the losing it.

But now they take leave of the Company before the Meeting break up: Why so? because time walties, and there's more to be done. For as they go down Stairs, the young Wooer humbly beseeches his young Mistress to let him wait upon her to the Tavern: The young Maid seconds him with her persuasions; nor is the Mistress so obstinately Refractory, but that she suffers her self in the conclusion, to be over-rul'd by her Confident: So the young Wooer puts her into a Coach, and away they drive to the place appointed. And now he has her as safe as a Thief in a Mill——now he may Vow, Protest, Swear, Lye, and say what he pleases——Now if he be a well bred Youth, and have got his Lesson by Heart; he talks of nothing but Lilies, Roses, Coral, Snow, Rain-bows, *Arabian* Perfumes, Amber and Sun-beams——The Rhenish-Wine and Sugar inspire him; the Neats-Tongues prattle Compliments between his Teeth——Kisses serve instead of Grace before Meat; and Liberality displays it self upon the Table in stew'd Oysters, Anchovies, Lobsters, Tanseys, Tarts, and what not? according to the time, and Season of the Year.

Year. 'Tis well there's no more Company, and that their Bellies are not so big as so many Tuns of *Heidelberg*; for her presence will admit of no pinching, there must nothing appear of the Miser in her sight, but all the Signs of Liberal, Noble, Gentile, Careless, Great, and what the Women call a handsome Spirit. For young Virgins, tho' never so niggardly themselves, love to observe Liberality and Profuseness in the choice, in hopes to have the benefit of pocketing up the over-plus of their Husbands Expences another day. For the Devil's in some of your young Women, they look before 'em a great way, and are for laying up against a Rainy day, as soon as they have a Man in their Eye.

But to return to our young Wooers Treatment, now you find him all in joy and pleasure, tasting the Cherries of his Mistress's Lips, cropping the Lilies of her Hands, and receiving the *Arabian* perfumes of her Breath, to that degree, that you may well believe him to be in Heaven upon Earth. A' my word, beloved, this is a pleasure in Wooing, not to be slighted——'tis somewhat costly you'll say——What's that to the purpose? There was a Philosopher that gave above Five Hundred

dred pound for one Nights Lodging with a Curtezan ; if a Fool then spend a Piece or two, upon his Darling Mistrefs, his Honest, Chast, Vertuous Darling Mistrefs, is that such a piece of business ? Why there are some men that would give their backsides for such a happiness as this young Wooer may be thought to enjoy at such a Time.

Well, but now 'tis time to go home least the Mother should be angry, for upon my word 'tis past ten a Clock : But the Devil helps that Devil of a Chamber-maid, for she had so order'd it before-hand, that they are both let in without knocking at the door, by the Cook-Wench, who is fee'd to stand Sentinel and watch their coming home. Thus the door silently opening, in they slip, up they whip into their Chamber, undress in a trice, and come down in their Night-geer, as if they had been at home an hour or two before——Lord, where ha' you been, (quo the Mother)——Lord, Mother,——Lord, Mistrefs, both together cry they, we have bin at home above this Hour——I did not hear ye come in, (quo the Mother)——No forsooth, (quo the Maid)——we came in just as *Dick* was shutting up shop, and knocking in the Door-post.

Thus

Thus is all well at home, and the young Wooer returns to his Lodging the most satisfi'd lover in the World ; nor does his Pleasure at all diminish, because the Enjoyment is past. His Mind and Conceit are so full of his last Delights, that he seems to act over the same thing every hour agen. He Kisses her in Conceit, he Dances with her in Conceit, he Drinks to her in Conceit, he Talks to her in Conceit : Nay, his very Dreams are still new Trances of Felicity. And when he hears the next Morning what a Trick the Maid put upon her Mistress, his Heart molds Kockle-Bread in his Belly for joy.

Another has an Opportunity to carry his Mistress to *Bartholomew-Fair*, or *Southwark-Fair*. Why, Pleasures of the same kind attend both Parties, still Pig Treatments, and Pork-Treatments : He carries her to see this Show, and that Show, and the Dancing of the Ropes. He forgets not to carry her to the Royal-Oak Lottery, and to throw away forty or fifty Shillings to learn her the manner of the Game. Nay, and he must let her see him Raffle too. 'Tis a hard case if Fortune should be so unkind to him, as not to let him present his Mistress with a good piece of Plate, or a Looking-Glass in a Tortoise-Shell Frame. They'll be
his

his own again, when once they are Married.

In Summer, if the weather be fair, he attends her in the Forenoon to Church, in the Afternoon to *Islington*, where he spares for no cost in Bottle Ale, Stew'd Prunes, Cakes, Tarts, and Gammons of Bacon. So that still, there's nothing but Pleasure and Plenty in Wooing. Nay, and if she require it, he must not scruple to borrow her a Pad-Nag, and a Side-Saddle, and Gallop her to the Camp. For she that is (perhaps) to bring many Souldiers into the World, ought not to be ignorant what 'tis to be a Souldier. Perhaps she does it to try his Obedience and Affection, and then, Cuds-foot, a Denial would spoil all. For we must not deny, but that a young Wooer may be a Wretched, Miserable, Dejected, Forlorn Creature. But then it must be either his own or Natures fault. As when his Mistress looks upon him to be a Fool, or a Halfwitted Fellow, a Niggardly, Close fist'd, Narrow-Soul'd Rascal; or if she finds that he wants Money; and then she pisses upon him for certain. Unless she have Money enough of her own, and the young Raw-bones be handsome and *Roman* Nos'd; for then tho' he should happen to be her Father's Groom, or his Butler, she may

may chance to take an Affection to him ;
and then he's happy again.

If the fault be Nature's, then perhaps he
proves to be Blear-ey'd, Hunch-back'd, Bak-
ker-legg'd, Tutt-mouth'd, or the like :
And then he is not so pleasing, unless his
Purse gingle ; then she loves his Estate,
not his Person ; then she Marries his For-
tune, not the Man himself, proceeds wa-
rily, and trusts her Parents to make the
Bargain for her, and bids 'em be sure to get
her a good Jointure, and to take care it be
sure settled. However, 'tis a great Pleasure
to such 'a piece of Deformity, that he has
an Estate to buy him a handsome proper
Wife. 'Tis true, there are some Virgins
that admire Men for their Wisdom, tho'
they meet with it in a Case as ugly as *Æ-*
sop's ; but they are but very few. You may
lock 'em up all in a Closet no bigger than
Little-Ease. We have romag'd History,
and can light but upon one ; and this
one single Phoenix fell so in Love with
a great Philosopher, that she told her
Parents she would kill her self, unless
she might have him. The Father and Mo-
ther were very loth to lose their Daugh-
ter, and yet they were as loth to bestow
her upon the Philosopher, because they
knew him to be a needy, beggarly, poor
Scholar,

Scholar, tho' a man of deep Wisdom and very great Learning. Well, the Maid wou'd have no denyal, she would have him or no body in the World. On the other side, the Philosopher, to divert her Affection, threw off his Mantle, and turning to the Maid ; troth Mistress (quo he,) if you will have me for your Husband, you must take me with this Mountain upon my Back, and these crooked Legs ; and which is worse, my left Hip and my left Arm-pit meet almost together. Then he shew'd her his Staff and his Satchel wherein he carry'd his Victuals, and bid her consider how she lik'd his Estate ; besides he let her know, that he should never love a Wife that would not live as Philosophically as he did. But nothing would do, she would be a Philosopher, or any thing rather than go without him. Ay, quo' the Philosopher, nay then Sweet-heart have at thee by guess ; and so spreading his Cloak Philosophically upon the Ground ; he put his Philosophy in practice, in the presence of his Wives Father and Mother, and several other of her Kindred. And when they asked him what he was doing ? He made answer, *he was planting a Man.* This Philosopher, if the Story be true ; and I have a very good Author for what I say ;
you

you may be sure (say you) had eaten shame, and drunk after it. But that's your mistake; for he had shew'd her all his defects he had, and now he was resolved to shew what sort of Nuptial Bed she was to expect if she Married him; so that there was nothing but plain dealing on the Philosopher's side. And for the Virgin, she shew'd herself to be a true self-denying Creature, and that for Vertues sake, she could have been contented, to have been lain withal, in the way of Honesty, upon the bare Ground; had her Philosopher so pleased. Truly I could not omit this Story, thereby to teach young Gentlemen this Philosophical way of Kissing; and to let 'em understand how much better it would be, when they carry their Misses to the Tavern; to spread their Chamlet Cloaks, or their Bays Coats upon the Floor Philosophically, than to break so many Leathern, and Turkey-work Chairs as they do, to the great injury of the Man of the House.

On the other side, if the Man be handsome, and well built, and the Woman have a Wart upon her Back as big as the top of a Chimney, Legs like your Serpentine Pillars, a Splay Mouth, Red Hair, and an Acron-colour'd Skin, then you may be sure there's Money i' the Case; and it may be,

be, 'tis all her Parents have : So that neither then, is a young Wooer of such a piece of Natures Miscarriage without several Comforts and Consolations. The Sunshine of her Gold so dazles his Eyes, that he sees none of all her Deformities ; the weight of her Bags levels the Hillock at her Back ; the lustre of her Portion streightens her Legs ; and then all Men that love Gold must needs have a kindness for Goldy-Locks. By my Troth, when a Man has but a little to trust to, or that his Fortune runs low, 'tis time for him to look about him ; and therefore, when a Man in such a condition, hears of one of these Prizes, there's as much Pleasure in Courting such a Lame, Decrepid Help at Need, as if she were one of the *Graces*. Besides, there are some Men not so Squeamish as others : There are some will no more keck at a Rich Girl, with her Eyes as Blood-shod as if her Eye-Brows had been Circumciz'd, than they would at the sight of a flaw'd piece of Elder. There was a Gentleman had Marry'd a rich Heiress, and when he was to have gone to Bed to her, he was so Squeamish forsooth, that his Brother, a bold *Britain*, was forc'd to Consummate the Marriage : And this for no other Cause, but because she had Legs no bigger

bigger than Goose Quills, and was as crooked as a Semicircle: For to tell ye the truth she was stolen, and they fear'd a surprize, before they could get the business compleated.

But if she be a Rich Heiress, and not to be obtained without stealing, then all the pleasures of Wooing meet together. 'Tis no matter whether she be to be stolen from a Boarding-School, or from the Habitation of her Parents; 'tis the same thing: there must be a Confident within doors, and a Mistress *Go-between* without. Oh! the Matron, with a Band-box of Hoods and Scarfes under her Arm, is a Parlous Creature. Then come the Comforts and Pleasures of Plots and Contrivances: For there is pleasure in danger, especially when a man comes off with Honour. The young Wooer comes to the Boarding-School, to see the young Ladies Dance, and there takes his first view. There Love like Tinder takes Fire immediately; but he comes thither in publick no more. A *Billet doux* first intimates his Affection, and the young Lady that saw him a brisk, trim, proper, freight young Gallant, begins to think him not unworthy her kindness; besides that she is in the prime of her Age, buxom and high mett'd. Nor can she

C

long.

long conceal the Commencements of her Amorous inclinations from her confident ; she adds Fuel to the Flame, heightens her Fancy, and inflames her desires ; swears the Gentleman worth no less than Eight hundred a year, and that she knows his Family, and where his Estate lies. On the other side, the young Wooer fills his Gilt Paper Pages with Vows, Oaths, and Protestations ; tells her she shall ride in her Coach, and gives her sure hopes of being a Lady. Now in all these things, there is a strange pleasure and Titillation of the Fancy. At length the business is so brought about, that she gives him a private meeting, and then there's Kissing and Billing, redoubled Protestations, and Vows ; he kneels at her Feet, and adores her as his Guardian Angel : In a word, he tells her such pleasing Stories, such deluding flimflams (and who can deny the vast pleasure that attends upon delusion.) that the young Lady is at length fully convinc'd, and the business is concluded, to the unspeakable joy of the young Wooer. And now the Cabal have work enough to contrive which way to release the Female Prisoner. At length after many debates and serious Consultations, the night being pitch'd upon, down she is let in a Dust Basket,

Basket, from her Chamber Window, like a bundle of Feathers from an Upholsterers Garret, and lights into the Arms of her dearly beloved, who, you may be sure, is carefully and diligently ready, with his Friends and his Horses, to mount and away. Good night Madam ; we shall see you no more, I'm sure, till you understand what's what. Now, what greater pleasure can there be to a young Lover than thus to succeed in an Enterprize of so much difficulty?

But now, suppose the Wooer be a person of more sober years, drawing dry-foot after a rich Widow, why neither are these sort of Wooers, whether stale Batchellors, or Widowers, without their pleasures in *Wooing*. For as it is a pleasure to stand upon the Foil, and see the turnings and doubling of a Hare before the Hounds ; with no less delight, does a cunning Widow-Wooer observe the Tricks and Subtilties of a cunning Widow ; and with no less pleasure does he Study and Contrive, which way to countermine her. Which if it be so great in making his Approaches only ; what must his satisfaction be, when he gains the Fort ? Men take vast delight in Hunting and Fishing, that little care for the Game when 'tis caught. Such

is the Sport of Widow-courting, where the heat of Youth being over, the pleasure lies in Conquest, more than in future Enjoyment. Men have been Trick'd 'tis true, when they have seen suborn'd Tenants, in Country Habits, bring in full Baggs at one door, but not seen 'em carry it out at another ; and there was but little Comfort in that, when the Plot took effect. But if a man discovers the plot, then he is no less pleased with the subtilty of his Wit, and the good Issue of his Sagacity. Besides there is a particular pleasure in Courting a Widow, because he knows what he must trust to, as having had a true Relation before hand of her carriage to her first Husband. There is also another pleasure in Courting a Widow, that a man talks and discourses with a Person that understands Trap. And thus, it is a pleasure for a man to talk with an Artist, in a Science which he understands himself ; whereas it is the most tiresome thing in the World, for a man of Learning, to converse with an Ignorant Simpleton. Think you it is not a very great pleasure to a sober man, to find that he is like to have a *Saint* for his Wife ? And certainly such must that same Widow be, that is such a daily harter of Morning Prayers, and observes her
hours

hours as punctually as a *Quotidian Ague*, and saves the Sexton, I know not what in Brooms, by sweeping the Church with the long Tail of her Gowr. Another pleasure it is, that a Man will have a knowing experienced Woman ; one that will be able to instruct him, if he be ignorant himself : nor will it be his ill Fortune to go to Bed the first Night, with his Brains full of Anxious and disquieting Thoughts, for fear he should not find his Wife what he took her to be, a *Maid*. In a word, Wooing is the most pleasing Pastime in the World ; it affords pleasure and satisfaction to Men of all sizes and degrees : It procures a Cessation of worldly cares, and a Truce from business all the while, tho' strange to tell, a Man is then about the most serious business of his whole Life. Tho' it last a year, 'tis all the time Holy-day. The Divine cannot Study all that Season, all that while 'tis impossible for him to Preach, or if he do, he talks beside the Custom. And yet he has an Advantage, now I think on't, above all other Arts and Sciences ; for he may Court his Mistress out of the *Canticles*, if he pleases ; provided she be but aware of it beforehand.

The Physician Doats, and forgets his Patients. The Lawyer takes hold of the Opportunity, and dispatches his Business in a long Vacation. The Souldier lay close Siege in the Winter. But let it be Vacation, or Term time, Winter, or Summer, if the Business hang, and Love be importunate, the Lawyer's never to be found, and the Souldiers Deaf to the Call of the Drum. You may as soon haul him to the Gallows as to the General *Rendezvous*. *Multa cadunt inter poculum*, they cry, there's nothing certain till the Knot's ty'd.

The Merchant leaves word at the Change, he's gone a Wooing; at least he had as good have done so; for Wooing-time is such a Christian-like Season, that it abstracts a Mans Thoughts from doating upon all other Affairs of this World. The Infatuated Countryman is in a Wood, and leaves his Plough, Harrow, Sickle, all for Love of *Amaryllis*. The Intoxicated Tradesman cannot stay in his Shop for attending upon his Mistress. Nay, the very 'Prentice too, that Courts in Hugger-mugger, is so Bewitch'd with *Cicely's* Black Eyes, that he will venture the Forfeiture of his Indentures to Dialogue with his Soul's Delight. So violent are the Pleasures of Wooing above all the Pleasures in the World. And therefore

therefore in former times *Cupid* is said by
the Poets to have robb'd the Gods them-
selves of their Arms.

*Phoebus his Quiver, Jove his Thunder
misses,*

*His Corslet Mars, and Helmet Pawns for
Kisses.*

*Jove's Son laid down his Club for Nancy-
Cock,*

*And Neptune's Trident yields to Holland
Smock.*

*The Chaste Diana will not go a Hun-
ting*

*At th' hour appointed when to meet her
Bunting.*

Or thus,

*The Wooing Gods to Cupid yield their
Arms,*

*How can weak Mortals (think ye) scape
his Charms ?*

II. *The Match concluded, and the Wedding kept, with all the Pomp and Splendor that accompanies it, and the various Discourses thereupon.*

MEN are generally proud of Conquest, and Glory in Victory. And therefore they that have been long a Wooing, to shew that at length they have by the force of Irresistable Gold, or the Charms of their Diligence and soft Language, or the Allurements of Shape and proportion, or by some other cunning Contrivances let them be what they will, obtain'd a Compleat Conquest, they are resolv'd to make a Publick and a Splendid Wedding.

Who shall now express the unexpressible joy of this same Constant Wooer, when he hears the blessed Word of Consent drop from the Coral Lips of his Alluring Mistress? Whatever he is doing, whatever transacting, still his Heart and his Thoughts are at his Mistresses Lodging. All the while he is from thence, he is like a Diver for Pearl, that lives a while out of his Element, but is forc'd to be drawn up again to recover Breath; in the same manner the Victorious Wooer is forc'd, whatever his Business be abroad, to make quick

quick returns back again, for fear of being utterly Confounded through the loss of his Heart and his Brains. Besides there are several forerunning Pleasures that will not now suffer him to be absent a Minute from her by his good will. For now he has free access; he may Kiss and play above board as much as he pleases; only there's a little shame and fear which cannot be forgotten, because they have not been as yet at the Church. However I would not have him yet awhile be so careless of his Heart and his Brains; for there are several things to be done, wherein he will find the assistance of his Heart and his Brains to be very useful, and in which they will have great share of the Pleasure.

Precedent to which, it must needs be a very great Pleasure to the young Lover, to see himself now the only welcome Guest to the House, where but a little before, every Body look'd askew upon him. The Graver sort receive him kindly, the Younger sort familiarly, so that he is become one of the Family already. And it cannot choose but be a wonderful pleasure to him, to hear every Body commend his choice; and telling him withal, what a Vertuous, Careful, Diligent, Kind disposition'd Wife

he is like to have. For you must know, that after the business came to be noised abroad, the House is never empty of one or other in hopes to be Invited to the Wedding.

All this while the Plasterer, Joiner, and Painter, are at work at the Sweet-heart's own House, to new furbish the Shop, the Bed-Chamber and Dining-Room; to repair the Wainscot, and Varnish the Stair-case and Chimney-peices. And lest any thing should be a-miss, he brings home his Darling to direct the Work-men, and to see that all things be done according to her mind. While she is there the Upholsterer is also sent for to measure the Room, and to contrive the standing of the Bed-stead. And at the same time she orders what Hangings she will have; bids him bring her Patterns for the Curtains and Valence, referring the rest till she comes to his Shop her self. Nor must she go empty away neither; there's a Treatment attends her; out comes the Silver Tankard, two Bottles of White-Wine, a Plate of Sugar, with a Silver Spoon, the best Pewter Dish in his Kitchen, and four cold Chicken, with an excuse for Batchellors fare; but hoping withal that things will be better when she comes to have the management of Affairs.

Upon

Upon which she gives him a gracious smile, and he remains the most satisfy'd person in the World: Certainly no man can think but that there must be a great deal of pleasure in all this.

Then he carries her home agen, where they are both stay'd for, by Mrs. *Prittle-prattle*, and Mrs. *Twittle-Twattle*, who long to see Mr. *Bridegroom* Elect; that they may be able to spend their Judgments, as they walk home together. Well—and when's the day, crys one; when's the day, crys another. Laud—if I was so near it, crys a third; I should never be at rest, till the business were over: Not so fast, (quo the Mother,) I don't intend to marry my Daughter in hugger-mugger—I'll have her Marry'd like my Child—not among the Rabble at the *Minories*—but with a Licence, beshrew my Heart, yet not at our own Parish Church neither—for that's too near to make any show as we ride a long. Truly Madam, crys Mrs. *Prittle-prattle*, you do very well—I like none of your stolen Weddings, not I—for it may so happen that the Parson may dye, before I may think of geting of a Certificate—and then if my Husband and I should fall out, and he should deny me to be his Wife, in what a pickle must I be?

No,

No, no, Madam, you act prudently ; make a publick Wedding, and then all will be safe, according to the Proverb, *fast bind, fast find.*

Then the young Gentleman takes upon him to call the Maid, for he has in a manner two homes for the present ; and bids her bring a Bottle of Sack, Straight up comes the Maid with a Bottle, a clean Glass, and a Diaper Napkin, and the Mother drinks to Mrs. *Prittle-prattle* ; Mrs. *Prittle-prattle* presents her service to the young Gentleman, and wishing him all happiness ; holds up her Dagger-hand, and tosses all up. The Gentleman drinks to Mrs. *Twittle-twattle*, and Mrs. *Twittle-twattle* Curches to the young Lady, commends her choice, wishes herself a Widow, that she might choole for her too ; and then takes off her Liquor : but for the young Lady she only sips, and sets down the Glass. Now methinks, these are very pretty pass-times for a young Man—Hang Shop-keeping for five or six Months—The Portion will pay for loss of time, or else 'tis a hard Bargain.

But Heavens bless us ! there's a great deal more pleasure yet to come. For the young Man must still continue his visits, as a duty incumbent ; he must visit her the next day, and the next, and the next, and the

the next, nay I know not how many nexts : But that's not a Straw matter , for every next day has still new pleasures attending it. Nay it may so happen, that the very next day, he's no sooner popp'd in a doors, but he sees several Bags of Money carried up Stairs; call'd in from the Scrivener to pay his Wives Portion. Cuds-foot, that's a pleasure indeed. Then he runs up Stairs into his Mistresses Chamber, kisses her and smuggles her agen and agen; and asks her what Service she has to command him that day ? Perhaps he finds her a Bed, and then he kisses her a Bed, and that's another pleasure; she bids him go into the Kitchin, and she'll come to him presently——So away he goes and provides her a Mornings draught against she comes down. Presently, down she comes; and the Mother, and Daughter, and he, drink all three together. For the Father is a man of business, and leaves all to the discretion of his sober Wife.

Now I'll say that for this Lady, and a Figg for her, she did not, to try his Obedience, enjoin him a tedious Journey into *France*, for new Modes, and new Fashion'd Stuffs——she did not send him Galloping about the Country, for impossible dainties against her Wedding Dinner;

nor did she Capitulate with him, for Superiority ; nor did she aim at it, that I ever heard of, like the *Northern* Lady, tho' she went without it, because she met with her Match. There was a certain *Northern* Knight, who being young, brave, brisk, and Heir to his Father, had several Matches proposed to him. Among the rest he had the offer of two Sisters. What their Portions ; (quo he,) So——(quo they.) What their Conditions ? Why truly, the Eldest was of a disposition very haughty, and Imperious, but very handsome ; the younger mild and gentle, but otherwise indifferent. Gad, (quo he) if any of the two, the Eldest and the handsomest, let her be the Devil. Away he rides, see's her, likes her, Courts her, and concludes the Match. But Madam, (quo he) before we go to Church, there is one agreement to be made between us. I understand your humour, and therefore pray, Madam, let us be at a certainty : Will you Reign Lady Paramount the first year, and obey me all the rest of your life ; or shall I command the first year, and all my days afterward be your Vassal ? The young Fire-drake believing that if she got the start of him the first year, she should easily rule the roast all the rest of her Time, made answer, she would
be

be Empress the first Year—Content, (quo the Knight) and so they went to *for better for worse*, and were Marry'd. But she had better have chosen the last Proposition. For it cost her three of her Teeth, for thinking to Exercise her Authority after her time was expir'd. 'Tis true, the Lady play'd the Devil with two sticks during her year, but the Knight had the pleasure all the while to think how he should nick her when it came to his turn. And so he did with a vengeance, and made her one of the most obedient Wives afterwards in all the whole County; and that was another pleasure to him as long as he liv'd.

But this Lady did not lay any such imperious Impositions upon her design'd Husband. She only sent him for Patterns of Silks, Gold and Silver Laces and Ribbands, or else order'd him to attend her to *Pater-noster-Row*, and the *Exchange*, to make her own Choice; which was all the while a Pleasure to him to be always in his Mistress's presence, and to find how fond she was of him, that she could not endure him out of her sight.

Well—and when they came home again, was it not a great pleasure to be ask'd his Advice, which Stuff, or which Lace, he lik'd best? And then he brings her the
Patterns

Patterns of his Cloth and his Buttons, and asks her which she likes best ? After that, he carries her abroad to help him to buy his Cravats and his Linen : And at last, he likes what she buys, and she likes what he chooses, and so there's an unanimous Consent and Harmony between 'em, which of necessity must be the greatest pleasure imaginable. You cannot imagine what a pleasure some men take in spending their Money to little purpose ; but if they take a delight in so doing, they have the pleasure of it, and what's that to any Body.

After this she gives him the Names of her intended Bride-Maids, and what other Young Gentlewomen she will have at the Wedding. On the other side, he gives her the Names of his Bride-Men, and a List of what Friends he desires to grace the Solemnity. For (quo he) there will be Dancing, and 'tis fit the number of Males and Females should be equal, lest any of the Gentlewomen should take Pepper iⁿ the Nose for being forc'd to sit still for want of Company. 'Tis very true, (quo she) and I believe, it will be taken the more kindly, if you go about and invite them your self. Here is no Compassion, but still the pleasure of obeying the gentle Commands of a Compliant Mistress ; the pleasure.

sure of appearing trim to his own and his Mistresses Friends, and the pleasure of carrying them the News of his approaching happiness.

Well—away he trots, and methinks I see him trip so lightly, and with so much pleasure and gaiety in his Countenance, that I cannot but severely blame the Disingenuity of those that Scandalize this pleasing Labour, as a Drudgery, and wearing out of Shooe-leather. As if a Man could think it a trouble, or grudge a little pains to gratifie the Requests of a kind Mistress. Some cry out, he may thence conjecture if he be not a Fool, what he must trust to hereafter. But I say there's no such dreadful Consequence. For the *Penny-Post* will serve at other times; but upon such a serious occasion as this, 'tis fit the young Gentleman should do his own Errands himself. Besides that, if the Portion be a good round Sum, I think he's well paid for his pains.

You may be sure he does not go for the Taylor nor the Sempstress, they come with a Whistle; a Porter will fetch them with a Vengeance. And here's another pleasure attends him, to find so many People of all Trades courting his Custom, and to observe the discretion and prudent Thrift of his Mistress in driving her Bargains with every

every one. A certain sign of a saving Wife, and a plain Demonstration that she's no Fool to be chous'd of her Money, which cannot choose but be a great pleasure to him.

Within three or four days the Taylor brings home the Wedding Cloaths; at what time the young Lady tries them on. Heavens! What a light is there? The young *Inamorato* is surpriz'd to behold her, tho' but in half her Splendour; he scarce can think her to be a Mortal Creature, and blesses himself that he does not live in the time when the Heathenish Gods were such Whore-Masters as they were. Hold a blow, *Jupiter*, quo he to himself, your Dancing Days are done, thanks to my good Stars; else certainly such an *Europa* as this could ne'er have scap'd your Celestial Embraces, and I had been the unhappiest Person in the World. But the Gown being on; several faults are found by the Spectators: Here is a Pleight laid amiss; or it sits too full i' the Shoulders, and makes her look Hunch-back'd; or it is too big in the Waste: for you must know the Lady's naturally so slender you may span her with both hands; but the confounded Bungler of a Taylor would needs be sowing in Bolsters a little above her left

left Hip to hide Deformities where there were none. This puts the young Gentlewoman into a kind of a Fret, which causes the young Gentleman to break forth into a kind of a Passion—Cuds-foot, quo he to the Taylor, Where were your Eyes? To which the Taylor pleading, that the Bolster was no bigger than a Wall-nut, and that most Ladies went in a little more or less in that part——Pox take your Wall-nuts, quo the young Hector, does this Lady look as if she wanted Wall-nuts in her sides: Pray take out your Wall-nuts again, and do your Work as you should do Workman like, or I'll make you stay for your Money till next years Wall-nuts are Ripe. With that the Cloths are pull'd off again, and they fall to measuring the Lace, and find wanting from the Petticoat, a Yard and a half, and about two Yards from the Skirt of the Gown. This puts the Lady in a Dumps: the Gentleman to please her, talks of nothing but entring his Action, and swears he'll spend the worth of the Gown but he'll make poor Prick-Louse an Example. But the Taylor telling them he had the rest at home, only he forgot to bring it, all's well again.

Now

Now this is the only vexation, let malicious people say what they can, that ever I could find attended a young Wooer before Marriage. However it begets another new pleasure, for exceeding the former disturbance. For the young Wooer cannot but be highly pleased, to find an occasion given to shew his zeal to his Mistress, and his readiness to revenge the injury done her, by the Son of a Whore Taylor; and to shew her likewise, that he could contain his Anger within the bounds of Moderation: For some young Gentlemen would have cut the Taylors Ears off, and flung the Wedding Cloths iⁿ the Fire. But what would the young Lady have said then? This Gentleman's too hot for me; if he throw my Cloths iⁿ the Fire already, what will he do when he has me? I'll recoil in time. Therefore the young Gentleman did prudently, and he that Acts prudently, must always be pleas'd with what he does, because he finds the good Effects of it.

'Tis true there is a little Contention and petty brangling sometimes between the intended Bride-maids, about dressing up the Bridal Bed: But that's the greatest pleasure in the World to behold; while the young Wooer observes the care of his
Friends

Friends, that all things within their management, be done for the best, to the removing all occasions of censure and Twittle-twattle. For suppose one of the Bride-maids should be for Yellow Ribbands, and carry it: Fie, cries one, what a Colour is here? I never saw a Bridal Bed dress'd up with the Emblem of Jealousie before. Then *Fueilemorte* is propounded: A Laud—Sister, cries the t'other Bride-maid; that's more ridiculous by half, to prank up a Nuptial Bed with *Fading Love*. I am for *True Blew*; that signifies *Constancy*, and *Green* denotes *Youth*; put 'em both together, and theres *Youthful Constancy*: Or else i'my Conscience, now I have it; what think you of *Blew and Black*? that signifies *Constancy till Death*. Shaw-waw, Sister, cries t'other Bride-maid, those Colours will never match: Besides, *Green's* a *Melancholy Colour*; nay, I have heard of *Green Choler* too, and that's the worst Choler of all. Fie, fie, I don't like *Green* by no means: But the other replying, that she meant *Grass-Green*, which signifies *Youth and Jollity*, the t'other was contented that Colour should stand for one; with which, when the younger Bride-maid propounded to mix a *Violet*. *Violet*! quo the Elder, that's as *Extravagant*, for *Violet* signifies *Religion*:
Now

Now I'd fain know what young Married people have to do with *Religion* a Bed. At last they concluded to mingle a Gold Tissue, with the *Grass-green*, and so that chare was char'd.

But the strife was much greater about the choice of the Favours; upon which there arose a very great dispute. Thereupon a Millener is sent for to be of the Cabal, and give his Advice. The Bride herself proposes *Blew*, *Gold Colour*, *Poppingay-Green*, and *Limon Colour*; which is also highly applauded by the Bridegroom, out of a generous condescension to please her in all things, but the Millener objected against *Gold Colour*, as signifying *Avarice*, and *Poppingay-Green*, as denoting *Wantonness*. Marry, I don't like your Exception against *Poppingay-Green*, quo the Elder Bride-maid: For *Wantonness* is as natural to new marry'd People, as to young Kittens—I would not give a Farthing for a young Husband that would not be *Wanton*; nay as *Wanton* as a young Colt: And therefore my opinion is, that *Poppingay-Green*, as a Colour that gives good Instruction to young married people, is not to be left out. As for the *Gold Colour* indeed if it signifie *Avaries*, away with it; for I hate a Covetous Husband. Well, but since

since there is such variety in Colours; quo
 the Younger Bride-maid let me propose
 a mixture : What think ye of *Flame Co-*
lour, Flesh Colour, Willow and *Milk-White*?
 As for *Flame Colour*, quo the Millener, you
 have hit upon't extremely well; for it sig-
 nifies *Beauty and Desire* : but *Flesh Colour*,
 signifies *Lasciviousness*, and *Willow*, *Forsak-*
ken. Away with those two last Colours,
 quo the Elder Bride-maid—Cuds-foot, tho'
 I love *Wantonness*, I hate *Lasciviousness*—
 And then again, it would be a rudeness to
 give *Forsaken*, to so many young Ladies
 and Gentlemen, in the prime of their years.
 Keep the *White* then, and the *Flame Colour*,
 and put in *Red* and *Sea-Green*. The *Red*
 is well enough, quo the Millener, for it
 signifies *Justice*; but *Sea-Green* signifies *In-*
constancy : Let the *Sea-Green* serve, (quo
 the younger Bride-maid) for the *Top-knots*;
 it may become some Women well enough.
 But for the *Red*, I hold it extraordinary sig-
 nificant for our purpose. For if a young
 man Marry a young Woman, and don't
 do her *Justice*, he ought to be casheer'd out
 of the Society of Women. Let me see—
Red shall stand—and what think ye
 then of adding to it, *Maidens-Blush, Carna-*
tion, and *Peach Colour*? As for *Peach Co-*
lours, Madam, (quo the Millener) 'tis well
 thought

(40)
thought of——but for *Maidens-Blush*, it signifies *Envy*, and *Carnation Deceit* ; which indeed might be proper enough, if the person to be Marry'd were a Widow, but for young Virgins, that are not arriv'd at those qualities that reign in Riper years; I think with submission they are not so convenient. Come, come, (quo the Elder Bride-maid) keep the *Maidens-Blush* out of the Brides *Top-knot*, and I think we may wear it without offence: For I fear the best of us all, will envy her in some measure, for being Married before us. Sister (quo the younger Bride-maid,) I am afraid we shall never hit it, and therefore we were better refer it to the Millener himself. The Millener therefore being requested to shew his skill, propos'd for the Favours, *Blew, Red, Peach Colour, & Orange Tawny*: For the young Ladies *Top-knots*, *Flame-Colour*, *Straw Colour*, signifying *Plenty*, *Peach Colour*, *Grass-Green* and *Milk-White*; and for the *Garters* a perfect *Yellow*, signifying *Honour and Joy*; and so the debate ended.

Now, do you think it was not a great pleasure to hear all these Learned discourses upon the various significations of Colours? Do you think it was not a great Pleasure to him, to think that the people should read the Ingenuity of his Bride,
(for

(for all will be thought to be her contrivance) in the very Hats of her Attendants? and discover the Innocence, the Love, the Hopes, the Fertility, and Conjugal Desires of his Youthful choice in her very *Top knots*: Hang me if I know what ye call pleasures of Wooing, if you deny these to be Pleasures.

Now help me, O ye nine, *Polybymne, Melpomene, Clio*, and the rest of the *Heliconian Gang*—yet, why do I invoke a Company of stale Wenches, that were never Married iⁿ their Lives? rather assist me *Venus, Hymen*, and *Apollo*; to declare those unutterable pleasures that are to ensue: For now the Sun with early beams begins to gild the happy Morning, appointed for the publick Ceremony. Up starts the watchful Bridegroom, to dress himself in all his gaudy Trim. The Bride-maids, that had no time to sleep for washing of their Silver Necks, and pranking up themselves, ready betimes, make hast to the Brides Chamber; where they find her Wash'd and Bath'd, Breathing nothing but Essence of Oranges and Jessamine; her fine lac'd *Holland Smock* newly put on, ready for their Virgin diligence. Straight all hands to work; first this, then that, then another fine Gewgaw; till at length

attir'd in all her Glory, she ceases to be Mortal, and appears all Angel. Presently whir'd in his Coach, comes the Bridegroom, perfuming all the House with his *Roman* Gloves; asks for the Bride, and going up into her Chamber, with a submissive Knee, adores his Deity, kisses the Lilies of her Hand, sips Nectar from her Lips for his mornings draught, and then conducts her down into the Room of State, where both prepared stand to welcom their Invited Guests, that drop in as it were all together with unanimous Watches in their Pockets, so careful were they to observe the hour.

Thus all things ready, all in comely Order, they take *Coach*, environ'd with a throng of Starers and Gapers, that will hardly permit the Horses to go along. There's a pretty Couple, cries one—there's a curious Couple, cries another—there will be sweet work at night, cries a Third—The Shops are all full of Night-rails—and what Wedding's this? and whose Wedding's this? The Rabble runs wondring, and the Dogs run barking; but the City Marshal riding before, keeps all off, till the Church doors are shut.

After a short stay, out they come again; at what time the Beggars
give

give him Joy ; and then the Bridegroom, for the Grandeur of the Business, throws 'em a small handful of Single Money, and sets 'em all a Scrambling. So taking Coach again, they all return home as they came, or else to some Hall, with the same Rabble at their Heels as attended them to Church. Now it is a pleasure to be attended by the Rabble ; 'tis a Mark of Greatness ; Great Men count it a great Happiness to be Popular. You see the Bridegroom was resolv'd to make a shew ; should the Rabble then have been sullen, and not come forth to have seen it, all his Money had been thrown away, and he had lost the pleasure of his Expence. But the Rabble were kind, and gratify'd his Expectations, which in my opinion, could not but be an undoubted Pleasure to any Man that thinks it a pleasure to make a shew of himself.

Now you must suppose the Father and the Mother, the Bride, and the Bridegroom, to be all in a great Hall, or a great Room all together, in expectation of a great Dinner. The Guests are all to Salute the Bride, and the Bridegroom is to Salute all the Young Gentlewomen. And I think there's a great deal of Pleasure in that too : I dare say,

were he to lie with 'em all at Night, he'd find less Pleasure in that, than in Kissing 'em all at Noon. Nor is there less pleasure in receiving the kind Wishes of Happiness and Prosperity, whole Bushels and Sacks full from such a Glorious Assembly. They remember his Father was no Retailer of a Tradesman, and therefore they pour their Benedictions upon him by Whole-sale. Nor is the Bridegroom a Clown—Come, Gentlemen, quo he, What do ye think of a Whet before Dinner; 'tis the Fashion now adays; from the Church to the Tavern. With that he begins a Bumper, and sees it go round, more especially among the Men; for the Women are spar'd as the Weaker Vessels. There are two Bride-Maids, and therefore he begins t'other Glass; and when that has gone round, is just laying his Hand upon a third, but his Bride desires him not to Drink too much before Dinner, for fear of spoiling his Stomach.

But what? Is there no Discourse among 'em? Little to the purpose as yet—that's all to come—People never begin to Talk you know, till their Belly's are half full——Hark——What's the matter now? The Shaumes, the Shaumes——Dinner's coming,

coming up——and by and by the Dishes are Marshall'd with as much formality as at a Lord Mayor's Feast. At what time, the Knor-knitter having said Grace, they all take their places according to their Parents degree i' the Parish; the Alderman's Son above the Common-Council Mans; the Common-Council Man's above the Church Wardens, and so forth; the Bridegroom at the lower end of the Table: They are so exact, there need's do Herauld to place 'em: And so fall on, Gentlemen.

I shall not need to tell ye, Gentlemen, what pleasure a Bridegroom may take in eating; you all know it well enough; but it cannot choose but be a great pleasure to see all the Table Address their Glasses first to his Bride and then to him, for it is a Miraculous Mark of their respect to him and his Bride: Upon which, there attends another very great pleasure to the Bridegroom if he can but keep himself sober till he goes to Bed. I will not say there passes much Discourse during the first Course; the second produces more; for toward the end of that, a Grave Gentleman, with a Jolly Red Nose, the Brides Father's Coney, and Fellow Clubber at the Tavern

for his Evenings Draught, begins an Harangue in praise of Marriage. He tells the Company that Marriage was first instituted in Paradise. At which the Religious young Men all pull off their Hats. He tells 'em that Marriage is that, without which the Church would want Pastors, and Kingdoms their defence. He tells 'em that Children are the Blessings of Heaven, and that the Jewish Women accounted Barrenness the greatest Scandal in the World. Ay, and so do the *English* Women too, cry'd a Grave Matron Midwife, and Associate to the Bride's Mother (for such sort of Cattle as they will crowd in if possible upon such occasions) and I should be sorry, as well for my own as my young Mistresses sake, that she should prove Barren. For I hope to carry her first Boy to the Font as old as I am. For my own part I had eleven Children in eight years; and I dare say my young Mistress is as likely as I, if my young Master be as well provided as my Husband; which I make no question but that he is. This Interruption being over, the Grave Gentleman went on, and told 'em that Marriage was not only esteemed by the *Christians*, but *Pagans* also, and how that the *Lacedemonians* Instituted

a great Festival, where all Men that were not Marry'd before Twenty, were to be Whipt by the Women as Drones, and Persons not fit to serve the Commonwealth. And how that the *Romans* crown'd the Foreheads of those that had been several times Marry'd, with Garlands of Palm-Tree. He would have gone on, but that he spy'd a Warden-Pye that made Water in his Mouth, and caus'd him to conclude his Discourse. The Midwife glad of the Opportunity, resolv'd to set a new Discourse abroad. To which purpose, addressing her self to the Grave Gentleman, Sir (quo she) which do you think to be the fittest Age for two young Couple to Marry at? But the Gentleman returning no Answer, because his Mouth was full of Crust and Pear——Why then, young Gentlemen, and Ladies, all that are present, mark my Words——I knew a young Man, that got a Maid with Child at nine years of Age. You may call him a Boy, because he was so young; but I call him a Man because he got a Child. Mother, quo a brisk Lad at the Table, I am afraid, the Maid had some other help besides the young Man of Nine years of Age: and with that they all fell a Laughing; nay,

Mrs. *Bride* her self was forc'd to pull down her Hood over her Eyes. Gentlemen, quo the Mid wife, let them Laugh that win, but the Story's as true as that I take off this Glas; and so here's to ye all Ladies and Gentlemen, and send ye good luck. Nay, more than that, setting down her Glas, I have heard of another that at Ten years of Age got his Nurse with Child. And I have a good Author for what I say, if the Report of a very good Scholar that told me the Story be true; Lau-ya now. And therefore I would advise all Marry'd People not to let their young Children, Brothers and Sisters lie together, as frequently they do, because they look upon 'em to be but Boys and Girls. If what I have said may seem strange, I am sure all Physicians will allow this, that Maids are ripe at Fourteen, and Men at Seventeen: After that Age both Sexes hone after Wedlock, or something else; and therefore, said a wise Friend of mine, Marry your Daughters betimes, or they'll Marry themselves. You may think I speak to promote my own Trade, but I protest, Ladies, and Gentlemen, I speak cordially what I think.

Certainly

Certainly this Discourse must be a very great pleasure to the young Bridegroom; first, to hear the State of Matrimony into which he was now enter'd, so highly commended by a Grave and Experienc'd Gentleman; and secondly to hear such an Ample Testimony giv'n of his Wives Ability, by a Sober Matron, who had known her from her Infancy: But above all, he could not choose but be pleas'd to hear there were such great Pleasures in Matrimony, that Children not above Nine and Ten years of Age could not forbear 'em. And the thoughts of these Pleasures overcame him of a suddain in such a manner, that immediately up he starts, takes a full Glass, and with a low Bow drinks to the Bride. At which, all the young Gentlemen rise up, and waving their Hats over their Heads, with a loud Voice cry'd out, Long live the Bride and the Bridegroom.

We will suppose Dinner now over, the Cloth taken away, and all upon their Legs; at what time the Midwife coming up to the Bridegroom, and Whispering him in the Ear, Son (*quo she*) for a Maidenhead, I'll warrant thee, Boy: But crop the Flower gently, for fear of pulling up the whole Plant by the Roots——Then leading him to the Bride——Now the

Blessing of God light upon this young Mistress of mine——A whole Dicker of Boys and Girls Crown her Endeavours, either by Night or Day, and may she live to be a Great Grandmother, and Foundress of an Hospital after her Decease. Then turning to the Guests, Ladies and Gentlemen, (*quo she*) make haste, and follow the Example of this fair Couple——Ah, What says the Song? *Gather your Rose-buds*——I hope I need say no more to ye——Now strike up Fiddles——for at all Weddings there must be two sorts of Dancing——First, move Heels and Tails; then, Heels lie still, and Tails move——which are the chief Words of Command in all *Cupid's Military Discipline*.

The Midwife seeing 'em all ready to lead up. Now, by my Troth (*quo she*) Pidgeons were never better pair'd: Now, if I might have my Will, I'd have 'em all instantly Marry'd, as they stand Coupled.——Oh what a happy day would this be then! By my Troth, I am all for Matrimony Mischief——Come, come, my Masters, *Increase and Multiply*, was the first Command in the World. Ay, ay, Mother, *quo a Crack-rope of the Company*, 'twill come to our Turns all in good time, as
the

the Fellow said, that was to be last ty'd up, and so they sett to work; and there let 'em wriggle their Tails till their Heels are weary; 'twill digest their Dinner. Nor is it less Pass-time for the Ancient People, whose Eyes are all fix'd upon the Bridegroom, to see how he belirs himself, how he cuts Capers and Crows Capers like a Highlander, how he Dances with his Feet and his Hands like a Toad in a string, and how his Tail and his Head keep time together like a Crow that is pecking of Nuts. Nor has he less pleasure to perceive how the Grave Judges admire him, whisper together, and make their Comments upon him. But the Midwife speaks home, and loud, God-a-mercy young *True-peny*, (quo she) ——— there's a Back will never fail Woman I warrant it.

Thus they Dance on, till Supper comes in; during all which time, there is nothing eaten but with Commendations of the Bridegrooms Generosity, nothing drank but his and the Brides Happiness and Prosperity; which with a Banquet, and another short Dancing Bout, concludes the Work of the Day, and now begins the Work of the Night. For,

After:

After all these pleasures, comes the consummation of all felicity: The Bride and the Bridegroom are put to Bed. But let his Concupiscence be never so Rampant, he must have a little patience, but the pleasure will recompense it. For the Company know they are never more to see their young play fellow in *statu quo prius* any more; and therefore now or never, they must come and take leave of the Brides Maiden-head. Which done, up comes the Wedding nights old Friend, and humble Servant, the *Sack-posset*; an Ancient Custom of the *English* Matrons, who believe that Sack will make a man lusty, and Sugar will make him kind. Besides the Guests must be treated where e'er they come, and nothing so proper to conclude as with a light *Sack-posset*, especially when two of the sharers are bound to eat i'their Beds. Nor can the Bride and the Bridegroom be rid of this useless *Sack-posset*, till one of the young Ladies understanding that moral principal of, *do as you would be done to*; instead of throwing the Stockin at the Bride, flings it full in the Bason, and then 'tis time to take the Posset away. Which done they last kiss round and so depart.

And

And thus the two Lovers left alone, you may be sure the Bridegroom is not idle. Those Snowy Breasts, which lately he scarce durst lay his little Finger on, he now grasps by whole palmsfull; he has now free liberty to enjoy, what before his thoughts durst scarce approach without Guilt.

But now let him wanton till he's weary, or rather till the Mother and the Midwife come to visit him next morning, and see how her Daughter does. Which they are as sure to do as the Sun shines; they have been at the sport themselves, and therefore know what's good to repair the losses in Venereal Combats. Well, Son, how is it? quo the Mother; never better, cries the Bridegroom, and with that she reaches him a Plate of *Eringo's* to give his Bride, and eat himself; then she fills out a full bowl of Tent, with a new Egg in it, which the Bridegroom mannerly presenting to his darling delight, the Mother fills him out another of the same. The Bride has no sooner drank but the Midwife is at her with a whisper in the Ear to tell—to which, for that time, the young Lady answers only with a Blush. But the Bridegroom guessing at the purport of the Question, Oh, Madams, quo he, that's not to be answered till

till we rise for good and all, you see we have taken a new Recruit———stay till the Physick has done working and then put first and last together. Upon that the Mother and the Midwife go forth again and leave the young couple alone as they found 'em. Who both conclude to take a short napp to digest their mornings draught and encouraging Breakfast; but no sooner are Male and Female clasp'd together, when first come the Fiddlers and scrape him a wicked *Reveille*: the Drums rattle, the Shaumes tote, the Trumpets sound *Ta ra ra ra ra*; and the whole Street rings with th: Benedictions and good wishes of Fiddlers, Drummers, Pipers and Trumpetters. You may safely say now the Wedding's proclaim'd. In the midst of which noise, the Bridegroom, unwilling to pay his Musick for nothing, gets up and dances to as many of their Tunes as Interval, and opportunity will give him leave. Now is not this a blessed time? Here are no less than all Four Sences pleased at a time, Feeling, Seeing, Hearing and Smelling, and for the Fifth of Tasting, it had it's turn but a little before. And thus for a whole Week together nothing but Mirth and Jollity, nothing but visiting and being visited, besides a great Entertainment given

ven by the two Bride-men at some eminent Tavern or other: till time at length jogs the Bridegroom by the Elbow, and tells him 'tis time to look after his worldly Affairs.

Now some there are that laugh at all this pomp and publick Ceremony, say that Fools and their money were soon parted; and that 'tis the only way for a man so to habituate his Wife to pleasure, that 'twill be a hard matter to wean her from it: And therefore there are some that have money enough, yet so much prudence to boot, that after they are agred, without troubling Taylors for new Cloths, or Scamp-stresses for new Linen, sneak to Church by themselves, sneak to a Tavern by themselves, make a Wedding dinner by themselves, upon a *French Roll*, and a Bottle of Claret, then sneak to Bed by themselves; and so there's a great deal of money sav'd, and the Fiddlers disappointed to boot. 'Tis a bad sign when a young man is forc'd to tap his Portion, to buoy up his Wedding Gallantry; for many times the Devil himself can hardly get in the Spiggot again.

But to this I say, let every man do as he pleases, and he will be sure to be pleas'd. All men have their Humours; and he that has his Humour, has his pleasure. How-

EVER

ever this is certain, the pleasures of Prodigal Wooing are far more numerous than those of Stingy Courtship. All men are not Born *Crasus's*; nor have all men money nor time to keep open house; and therefore the Journey-man Carpenter that rose early all the Week long and therefore Marry'd his Wife of a *Saturday*, made a good answer to them that ask'd him, why he Marry'd of a *Saturday*; because, (said he) I might lie the longer a Bed with my Wife a *Sunday* Morning. 'Tis not for a 'Prentice that Marries before he's out of his time, to proclaim his Wedding; yet the stolen pleasure, of a Wife laid up in Lavender, must of necessity be very sweet; besides the pleasure of putting a daily cheat upon the World, who believe him a Bachelor, when perhaps he has two or three Children. So that let a Man be Rich or Poor, Prodigal or Covetous; there is both pleasure in Wooing, and pleasure in Wedding, contrary to that damnable position of your *Anti-Matrimonialists*, that cry down Matrimony, because they would have all Women lie common.

III. *Of House-Keeping Expence: Together
with several pleasant Digressions.*

HOW do you say Friend, is there no pleasure in House-keeping? 'Tis a bold Assertion, and you shall hear more of it by and by. For now I think on't, my young married Couple are still at the Wives Parent's; and I must go fetch 'em home, before they get a habit of Rambling.

But that's done to my hand; for time as I said before has given the young Bridegroom an *Item* in private, that the hours have wings, and that Pags will grow Empty, unless fill'd again. Thereupon, abandoning his pleasures and Hony-moon delights, and that's the greatest pleasure in the World, for a man to be able to deny himself; he brings home his Wife, puts on his Ordinary Weeds, and begins to consider what he has to do. And I hope there's never a *Maniebaon* of 'em all, but will confess it to be a very great pleasure to a man to look after his own business; and if he sees his Wife no less diligent in her Station, that's as great a pleasure as any can be. There is no man in the World so silly, but that before he goes about to Marry, he has so much insight into the World, as to know,

know, that the best House-wife in Nature, can never be able to shew her Art, her Education, and her House-wifery, upon bare Walls. 'Tis a thousand pound to a penny, but that in his Batchellour visits, before he Married her, he might see her sometimes with her slender Fingers pinching up an Apple Tar; or more industriously labouring to make the sides of a Goose-Pye stand; and in the midst of this her House-wisely Employment, calling for this and that Kitchen Utensil, as she wanted it, by hard names that were all *Heathen Greek* to him. Or else at another time, he might perhaps behold her with a Silver Ladle, Scumming off the Froth from a Pipkin of Damascus's, which she was Preserving over the Fire; or else more laboriously tying her self to make Raspberry Brandy. And then 'twas his time to have consider'd, whether such a Wife were convenient for him or no. For he might be sure, what was bred in the Bone would never out of the Flesh; as she had been bred, so she would expect to be maintain'd. He saw how her Mothers House was furnished; the Kitchen full of Brass and Pewter; the Parlour, and Dining Room neatly accoutr'd, and all things trim and proper above Stairs: and could

he

he think but that when she was his Wife, she would look for the same in her own House? I would fain know, which a rational man would take for the greater pleasure, to see his Wife always industriously imployed at home, or never at home but a Nights, and that not till the Watch cries, Past twelve a Clock neither; but still whip out a doors, as soon as she gets dress'd, and spending her time at the Play-houses, or else losing money at Cards, at this or that Gossip's House, where she finds Company most suitable to her Humour.

'Tis true, there are some men that take it for a great pleasure, to bring their new Marry'd Wives to a House ready furnish'd before hand. But others more Indulgent please themselves in believing it much better; to spare that trouble, till they are Married, and is much more satisfy'd that he has an Opportunity to let his Wife have the Liberty to please her self; believing as it is but reason, that she, being us'd to it, has more experience to know what she wants, than he can pretend to. Now there is no Woman i'the World can shew her House-wifery, and her Ingenuity in a House where there is nothing but bare Walls. *They that go a borrowing, go a serving,*

rowing, says the Proverb. That Woman's in an ill Condition, that must be forced to send to her Neighbours for every Skillet, or Stew-pan, or Washing-Tub she wants, which are many times deny'd, and as frequently lent with an ill will. But she that has all things necessary about her, need never be beholding to her Neighbours. And therefore in my Opinion, it ought to be so far from being an ungrateful Sound, that it should be like the Musick of *St. Pulchres* Chimes in his Ears, when his Wife asks him for money to buy necessaries. If she aim to be a little more gay and sumptuous than ordinary; that ought to be another pleasure to him: For the best is best cheap. She becomes the Envy of her Neighbours that come to visit her, and her Reputation runs through the Parish like Wild-fire. The brightness of the Bosses of her Fire-Irons, and the Glaring Lustre of her Pewter and Preserving-Pan are the Discourse of all her Acquaintance; the sleekness of her rubb'd Rooms, and the cleanly neatness of her Carpets, Chairs and Stools, with their Frames rubb'd as slick as the Toe of a new shooe, are spread abroad to her never dying Honour. All which must certainly be a very great pleasure to a Husband. And then again when Household Goods are
once

once bought, there's an end of that Story :
 Good House-wifery and Management,
 makes every thing last long ; or if it hap-
 pens that there must be an Exchange, now
 and then, the Expence is insensible, but the
 supply is obvious and remarkable. What
 a Pox should a Woman give three and
 four pounds a year, to a couple of massie
 fat Buttock'd Queans, but to keep all
 things Tife and Cleanly, one above Stairs,
 and t'other below ? 'Tis the Humour of
 men to love Cleanliness, but they do
 not love to be within when there is any
 Scrubbing or Washing work to be done ;
 they do not love holes in the heels of their
 Stockings, nor their Ruffles to hang like
 Bell-ropes ; but they scorn to set a stitch to
 mend 'em themselves. If then the Wife
 will take the trouble upon her to see all
 these inconveniencies remedy'd her self,
 surely it ought to be a very great pleasure
 to a man. Nor is it a *Venice* Looking-Glass,
 a little *China* ware, a *Persian* Carpet ; two
 or three Pictures, or an *Indian* Cabinet,
 that ought to break squares between a
 Man and his Wife. And then for Plate,
 the more he has the Richer he is. Rather
 it ought to be a great pleasure to a Hus-
 band, that his Wife requires nothing from
 him, but what redounds to his Honour.

For

For certainly the politeness and curiosity of a Woman adds greatly to the Reputation of her Husband ; and I am apt to believe that were it not for the little requisite Pride and Vanity of Women, Men would be the most nasty Beasts and Slovens in the World. How like a Paradise such a ones House lies ? cries one. It would do your Heart good but to look into the Rooms, cries another. And all judge that all this could never be, but that her Indulgent Husband allows it : Which must needs greatly redound to his praise, nor can there be a greater pleasure than that which proceeds from Commendation. Nay if it were but for the wholesomeness of it, and the prolongation of Life, who would not rather choose to live in a Palace of a Habitation, than in a Hog-stye of a House. In the one he see's the Rooms decently hung, the Beds sweet and clean, and the very Air it self purify'd by good House-wifery. In the other you find nothing but dirt to the Ankles ; the And-irons rusty, the inside of the Testern all full of Cob webs, that a man would be afraid to sleep with his Mouth open, for fear the Spiders should drop in it ; go into the Mistresses Chamber, and the first Glance of your Eye, gives you the prospect of an open Close-stool,

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fool, and a Chamber-pot full charged, as if the Woman thought all that came from her, were nothing but Civer and Essence of Orange Flowers. In the one a man lives with pleasure and delight; in the other he goes to his Grave, Poison'd with the stench of his Wife's nastiness.

Another thing laid to the Womans Charge, is her lashing out in Entertainments: As if it became a Woman of any Quality, to grudge her Friends when they come to see her, a Glass of Wine, and a Dish of Sweet-meats; which perhaps she was so good a House-wife as to make her self. The most Prodigal women will never give Treatments, but where they are sure to be Treated again; and it is not to be thought that a Prudent and Thrifty woman will be less wary. If sometimes she shews her self generous to those that have been niggardly to her, it argues that she either did it, to shew that she was better Marry'd than the other, or else to upbraid and shame that want of Civility, which the other had been guilty of. I'll warrant ye the same Woman shall never tast of her Bounty twice together. I must confess 'tis no such infallible mark of a generous Spirit to Entertain for the sake of being Entertain'd again. Many Women do it to
shew

(72)
shew that they live in Plenty, which redounds to the Credit and consequently the pleasure of the Husband, and to merit applause themselves; which cannot but very much please a Husband when he hears abroad the good use which his Wife makes at home, of his Liberality. If a man meets with the vertue of Liberality in his Wife, he ought by no means to stifle it, for fear he meet with no more; for I look upon Chastity rather to be a Duty than a Vertue: 'tis the temper of her Body that many times renders a Woman Chast; but it is the temper of her mind, that renders her Generous and Liberal. If a Woman lanch out one day for her Husbands Credit, and save three days after for her Husbands profit, where's the Extragance so much to be complain'd of? Besides, if she be a Woman that makes those great entertainments you talk of, 'tis to be supposed she does not Junket in Hugger-mugger; and then the Husband may come in for his share, and take the pleasure of his own Indulgence. He that spends little abroad, and most at home, may well permit his Wife to entertain her Friends, now and then without prejudice to his Estate. The Wine tastes as well at home, as at the Tavern; and a Capon may be as well dress'd in

in his own Kitchen, as at a *French Ord*ⁿ-
nary; and I am sure with less expence.
That a prudent Wife knows, and therefore
is now and then, a little more than usually
lavish at home, to draw her Husband into
a good Opinion of his own House.

'Tis true, there are several Extravagant
young Coxcombs, that Marry Hand over
Head; but Wedlock is not to be Scanda-
liz'd and abus'd for the miscarriages of
Fools. 'Tis not what men, that have any
thing of reasonable foundation to fix upon,
spend at home in Household-stuff and good
Chear, that brings 'em to take out Duce's
from the Counter to carry 'em to *Ludgate*,
or *Tipp-staff* 'em over the Water, but their
Marrying of Wives before they know how
to maintain 'em. By their bouncing and
cracking and huffing they get an Indiffe-
rent Portion with an unwary Girl as wil-
ling to be marry'd as themselves; and
while that lasts, they live like Princes;
but when all's gone, they vanish too.
Their Wives think 'em to be the same
persons they seem to be, and are willing
to live at the same port which their Hus-
bands pretend to. An Ambition in Wo-
men no way to be discommended, rather
laudable where there is an Estate to main-
tain it: but if her Husband deceive her,

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'twas

'twas not the Wives Ambition to be equal with her Neighbours, nor her free Entertainment of her Friends, and many times her Husband's Acquaintance as well as hers, that occasion'd the Dislocation of the whole Family; but the Folly of the Husband, who did not in time inform her of his Condition. So that the Man may be said to undo the Woman, but not the Woman to undo him.

Nay suppose the Woman be bad, if the Man be so too; if the Woman be a spend-thrift, if the Man be so to; why should the blame be laid upon Wedlock? 'Twas no fault in Matrimony; for, for ought I see, they are both equally match'd: 'tis not the Yoak of Matrimony, that lies heavy upon the Man, but his own Folly and Vanity, that will not permit him to have any Government of himself, nor his Wife neither. The Woman's to be commended to make Hay while the Sun shines; you some and I some is but fair play; she sees her Portion a going, and there's all the reason i'the World she should spend her share, else 'twere a very hard case. The Woman is not to be blamed for spending her own, when she sees her Husband would spend it else for her. And when all's gone, let 'em go lovingly a begging together; and

and then the Man takes her again for *poorer*, as he took her before for *Richer*; which still makes good the second Condition of Matrimony, without any Complaint of either side.

But suppose the Woman be a Spendthrift, and the Husband as Miserable as Old *Stretchley*; yet is not Matrimony to be blamed in this Case neither. For a prudent Man would examine the Conditions of his Wife before he enters into Bands. If the Man will carry her to Church, the Parson is to do his duty. Now I'll warrant you this was some *Smithfield Bargain*; this was some clutchfisted Hunks that would have the young Maid whether she would or no, and her Parents would force her to have him against her Will, and when she has him, she plays the Devil. Truly 'tis no more than he deserves; were all such Matrimonial *Barterers* so condignly punished, there would be fewer than there are; and if there were none at all, 'twere not a half-penny matter.

I must confess there is a general clamour against Matrimony, for the sake of Expensive Wives. But I say 'tis for the Honour of the Nation that Women should go fine. To see so many broad Laced Petticoats, so many sumptuous Manteaus, flaring with Flowers

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of Silver and Gold, marching through the Streets of *London* of a *Sunday*, shews the Riches of the Kingdom. A Chambermaid, whose whole Estate is only a light Porters Burthen in a Trunk of an ordinary size marked *A.F.* if you see her upon a Holyday you cannot distinguish between her and the Mistress. Now all this Bravery must cost Money. And therefore it shews the Wealth of a Nation, that a Company of Men should export such vast sums of Gold to fetch in your *Indian* Riff-raff of unnecessary Silks and Cheats, and a world of other shitten-com-shites, and yet that there should remain so much Gold behind to purchase so much Gallantry. Then again, it is a great mark of the Vertue and Chastity of the *English* Women. For where there is much bravery, there is much Temptation. For your Glorious Petticoats inflame men with an ardent desire to understand what those hidden Beauties are that lye concealed under so much Pomp and Gallantry. But if a hot cod-pieced Spark do but attempt to pick up one of these fine Birds in a duskie Evening, what do they do? They give him a flap o' the Chaps, bid him go about his business, and tell him, They are no such Persons as he takes them for. There can be no greater pleasure to a Man than to have a fine vertuous Wife. Thus,

Thus, my beloved, 'tis not what your Wives spend at home in fine Cloathes and Householdstuff, but what you your selves lavish away abroad in fine Gaming, fine Whoring, and fine Revelling: There goes the Hare away. If you have but vertuous Wives, keep close to them, and they'll keep close to you. And therefore never complain of Matrimony. For Wives are not imposed upon men, but chosen: choose a vertuous Wife, and she'll never desire more than her Husband is able to allow her.

IV. *Visiting Friends, and going into the Country, with an Account of the Entertainment and pleasant Divertisements and Discourses thereupon.*

WHY look ye, Gentlemen, it was never esteemed a Crime that I know of, for a man to marry into a good Family, neither is there any one Statute in *Polton* against it. For Men and Women do not come out of the Earth like Pumpions; but their Pedigrees must have a beginning somewhere. The meanest Beggar as well as the greatest Lord had once an Original Father and Mother. But the Records of Descent are frequently lost,

and more frequently not regarded ; and as often Bloody Wars, and Invasions of Countries extirpate whole Families : Lords are made Beggars, and Beggars are made Lords. He's a happy man now that can derive his Pedigree from *William the Conqueror* ; tho' some Women, whose Husbands are great Antiquaries, will go a great deal farther at a Christning ; and in the heat of Contention, when privity comes to be disputed, will derive themselves from the Eldest Maid of Honour, to *Nimrod's Wife*. But let that alone : Most certainly it may so happen, that a Man may Marry a Wife, that has a great many Relations that live iⁿ the Country, and a Woman may Marry a Man that has as many. For if you ask a Citizen where he was Born, there's not one in Forty, but will cry in *Glocestershire, Devonshire, Kent, Norfolk &c.* others in *Wales* ; but very few make Answer, within the sound of *Born-bell*. And this is apparent from the several County Feasts that meet every year, which were they all join'd together, would beat the Cockneys into an Augur-hole. Now whether the Man, or Woman, or both, have these Relations in the Country, is not a Straw matter to the purpose, but this is certainly to be imagin'd, that when a man is Marry'd, he will

will not conceal it, either from his own, or his Wives Friends: Who presently send back words that they should be very glad to see both him and his Wife, or her and her Husband in the Country. Now the Wife out of Natural Affection is willing to see her Friends, and the Man is no less Ambitious to shew his Wife: and thus when both are agreed, the pleasure of Marriage is in concerting both in the same Opinion. Perhaps there has been an Exchange between 'em of *Turkeys, Geese, Cheeses* and *Bacon*, for *Sugar, Plums,* and *Spice*; perhaps one of the Kindred has had an occasion to come to Town, and has had the convenience of a Lodging at his new Kinsman's House, for which he can do no less than invite the new Marry'd Couple into the Country to a dish of Keel and Bacon, and homely Apple-pye. Why Faith, Cousin, or Uncle, quo the young Man, we may chance to pop upon ye before y'are aware——I should be at *Exeter-Fair*, this *Lammas-Tide*——Cuds fish, (quo his Cousin) 'tis but a little out of your way, to ride to *Dorchester*, and then you come within a Mile of our House.

Now suppose the young Man should be as good as his word, and resolve to give his Wife an Airing i'the Country. Why

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should

should Marriage so inhumanly suffer for
 this ? You may be sure, he will not Tra-
 vel his Wife in Winter, nor in *Easter-*
Term, and that's the chief Season of the
 year for Trading ; therefore generally he
 chooseth a very long *Vacation*. And what
 if he does, when there's little to do i'the
 Town ; I say, what if he does take a frisk
 into the Country for a Month, or three
 Weeks, to visit his own or his Wives Re-
 lations ; especially having Servants whose
 Parents are bound for their Truth, to look
 after his Affairs in the mean time. Tho'
 the gentiler way would be to send her
 down before, with some Friend of a Coun-
 try Attorney, a little before the *Sizes*, and
 for him to go after and fetch her home a-
 gain. And then, besides that she shall
 see the *Sizes*, and my Lords the Judges,
 he shall have the happiness of a new plea-
 sure that he never enjoy'd before ; which
 is to write lovingly to Her, and to receive
 endearing Answers from her again, with
Dear, and *Chuck*, at the Top, and *Thine*
till Death, and *Thine Eternally* at the Bot-
 tom. This is only if he have no other
 business in those Parts ; but if he have bu-
 siness at any Remarkable Fair thereabouts :
 Let him then by any means attend her him-
 self, and Amble her easie *Carriers Journey*,
 for

for fear of the Inconveniencies of weariness, and Stomach Qualms. For indeed, if there be any thing that affects Matrimony with Calumny in this Particular we are now upon, it is for a Man to be forc'd to alight to take down his Wife in the middle of a Heath, sick as a Horse, and ready to faint away in his Arms; or else to ride by the Coach and hear her groan, and by and by to see her throw up her undigested Break-fast into her opposite Neighbours Lap, while the confounded Coachman *Tapps* it away, as if he were driving for a Wager. These I must confess, are Accidents that somewhat Eclipse the pleasures of his journey. But as Heaven would have it, a sup or two of Dr. *Stephens's* Water, sets her right again, and she holds it so; till they come to the next good Town, where they make a full stopp, take a fresh Bait, and perfect the Cure. Then 'tis a new Pleasure to him to see her again as crank as a young Goslin. The Women ask her how long she has been marry'd? She tells 'em so long; then they conclude she's a breeding, and all's forgiven.

At length after three or four days journey she gets among her Friends, and then there's kissing and hugging, and dear Con-

fin-y're welcome——and the four Bells
 i'the Steeple are set a jangling for joy. And
 do you think it is not an extream pleasure
 to an Husband, to see his dear Wife so car-
 cels'd and made much of among her Re-
 lations ? After a stay of three or four days,
 away Gallops the Husband thirty or
 forty Miles further about his business, and
 leaves his Wife and her Palfrey together,
 to be carry'd from place to place, to see
 and be seen ; and still she has a Convoy
 of he Cousins and she Cousins to shew her
 the Country, and treat her at this and
 t'other good Town ; they are never out
 of their way ; for still she finds new Kin-
 dred and Acquaintance, and all make
 much of the *Londoner*, and indeed, how
 can they choose ? She's so pretty, so bon-
 ny, so blith and pleasant, that every Bo-
 dy's glad of her Company : then they wisk
 her to *Batb*, to *Bristol*, to *Wells*, to *Taunton* ;
 and then they Gallop her over *Sedge-moor*,
 and shew her where the D. of *Monmouth*
 lost his Battle——so that by that time her
 Husband comes back again, she is able to
 ride with e'er a Jockey in *Smith-field*.
 When her Husband is return'd, and both
 are a bed together, she tells him how kind
 her Kindred have bin to her, which is the
 greatest pleasure i'the world to him, next
 the pleasure of her person.

Now

Now where is the Felony all this while, that these *Muggletonians* lay to the Charge of Matrimony? Oh! the great charges the man is at to buy her an amb-ling Nagg, a swimming *Pacer* forsooth; or else Coach-hire, and expences upon the Road, besides the Carriage of a great heavy Trunk, where all the Finery lies. S'life, would they have had her Husband and she ha' walk'd down a Foot, with each a Snap-sack at their Backs, and lain among the Beggars in Barns by the way? would they have had her gone naked, or otherwise than like her self, as if she had gone a Begging, to be slighted and contemn'd by her Friends, and kickt out of doors? what would her Kindred have thought of such a shabby Couple? what would they have thought of her Husband? Surely they would have thought their Kicswoman well holpen up by her match; and look'd upon her Parents to have been a strange sort of People to let out their Daughter to hire, in a tawdrey *Long-Lane* dress, to officiate in a *Drinking Booth* at *Bartholomew-Fair*.

What if the 'Prentices and the Maids do junket a little together? what if they do purloin three or four Bottles of the Remainder of the Wedding Wine, and

Sack.

Sack-posset it now and then of an Evening? 'Tis pay'd for ; and why should not the Servants be a little merry at-home, as well as the Master abroad ? I'll warrant you they were no such ill Servants, but that they drank their Master and Mistresses Health ; and then they could never grutch it 'em. What if the 'Prentice were a little familiar with the Chamber-maid ? Let his Parents look to that ; they are bound for his good behaviour. Must the Master be always oblig'd to stay at home to watch least his 'Prentice should lie with his Maid ?

But you'll say, he has no Trade nor Chapmen iⁿ the Country—What then?—I'd fain know where he could have lived Cheaper for so long time than amongst his Friends, that every day feast him a free cost ; only giving now and then a Shilling or two to the Servants.

'Tis a shame that men should so disgrace and bespatter Matrimony, when they have no better Objections against her than these. And yet they bawl and clamour against her, as if Matrimony that gives all mankind their being, were like those ill natur'd Fowls, that destroy their Chickens as soon as they are hatch'd. A man cannot carry his Wife into the Country ;

try; nor can a VVife desire to see her Friends, but here's an Out-cry against Matrimony. Tho I dare be bold to say, there's none of these people that are so severe against VVedlock but would take it very ill to be call'd *Sons of Whores*, which had not their Fathers and Mothers been Marry'd, they must have been. As they are born then, they ought to speak well of Matrimony, and not quarrel with her for every trifle of a Side-Saddle, or Padd-Nag that a Man bestows upon his VVife.

Well——but now suppose the Man and his Wife come home again; what does all the Charges amount to, perhaps some Twenty or Thirty Pound——a Monstrous Sum to damn Matrimony for. The Horse and the Padd-Nag yield their Money again; the Cloths are little or nothing the worse for wearing. It may be the Side-Saddle may be afterwards lent out among the Neighbours, and come home at length without the Stirrup, or the Bridle and that may have taken leave one of another; but that's but a small matter. If when they came home again, they had found the House remov'd a t'other side the Water, or the Furniture Pawn'd, or the Servants run away with all the Ware in the Shop, these had been Losses indeed, that

that would have struck deep. But all's well, and the Woman so satisfy'd, that perhaps she never Dreams of such another Journey as long as she lives. A kind Correspondence only now contents, and it is a pleasure to her that she knows the places and the Persons to which, and to whom she directs her Letters.

But you'll say, this brings another Charge upon her Husband, to entertain them again when they come to the City about business. Let 'em come and welcome. Certainly 'tis a bad Trade that will not afford 'em a good Bed, and a good Sundays Dinner be sure. That I'd have if I were the Wife, tho I Pawn'd my best Petticoat for it. But what need that, the Man has a good Trade, lives plentifully, the Wife goes twice a Week to Market, and what signifies a Joint of Meat extraordinary upon an extraordinary Occasion? And if the Husband do carry his Friend to the Tavern and give him a Bottle or two of Wine, What Matrimonial Crime can that be?

But these Murmurers against Matrimony never consider, that Men commit a greater Violation of Wedlock, which is indeed the chief occasion of all those deadly Feuds, that disturb the pleasures of Marriage,

riage, when they take a far greater Liberty themselves to revel with their Misses and Concubines in Private Country Corners, where they go for Man and Wife, while the poor Woman at home thinks he is gone to gather in his Debts, as he makes her believe. It has been observ'd, when at t'other end of the Town a Strumpet has come into a Mercers Shop and taken up a Gown and Petticoat of the best Silk in his Counter; and when she was gone, the Sly-Thief-to-himself of a Whore-master, has Book'd it down to some Invisible great Lady at Court. And thus it is, that the Pleasures of Matrimony must suffer for the Pleasures of Doxy-Copulation. No wonder then 'tis all Fire and Tow in the Family, when the Wife finds it out. This is that which makes *Conjugium* to be *Conjurgium*. This is that which Untiles the House, and makes Hell upon Earth. And indeed the Woman has reason of her side, when she finds her Husband so liberal to a Harlot, yet grudging his Wife a Frisk into the Country among her Friends, or a Fortnights scowring at *Epsom* once in three or four Summers, in a long Vacation, when they have nothing else to do, but to play at *Draughts* i' the Back Shop,

or

or read the *Turkish History* behind the Counter.

V. *Great Complaints for want of Children, the Wife Complains to her Neighbours, and the ill Consequences of it; together with the several Instructions the good Women, her Neighbours, give her in order to her Procreation.*

BUT notwithstanding all this Junketing, Feasting, and Rambling into the Country, the young Woman cannot be got with Child, which is another very great Breach of the Peace of Wedlock, this redounds to the Man's Disgrace, which can be no pleasure to Matrimony. Here again, set the Hares-Foot to the Goose-Giblets; let the Man but consider, that where there are no Children, there is the less charge, but the Pleasures of the Bed are still the same. Certainly that Husband must live at great ease, and with an extraordinary Contentment of Mind that enjoys a pretty Woman every Night without finding his Brains disturb'd and turmoil'd with the yearly Expences of Nurses, and Midwives, and Christenings, and as his Children grow up with Provision of Portions. How many Men are forc'd to
sell

sell a good part of their Estates to pay
 younger Childrens Portions? The sad ef-
 fect of their Wives Fertility. Nay, some
 Women are so unconscionable, as to bring
 two at a Time, others three at a Birth.
 An unreasonable thing that the poor Men
 should pay so dear for their sport. More
 than this, there have been some Women
 that have Teem'd two at a Lying-In, with-
 in a Month after they have been Marry'd.
 Should all Women contrive at that Rate,
 the Men must all have *Lucullus's* Estates
 to maintain 'em. But some Women must
 have a little seasoning of pain to relish their
 Pleasures; and among the rest, this Wo-
 man longs for a Child, and a Child she
 will have, if it be to be had above ground;
 and the more to whet her Appetite, in her
 Rambling Visits among her Neighbours
 and Friends, she sees, at one place, a no-
 table Plump-Cheek'd Baby of a Boy staring
 about in his Nurses Arms———Lord,
 quo she, what a Lusty Child is this?——
 How long have you been Marry'd Neigh-
 bour? About thirteen Months, quo the
 t'other. And how old is this Child? quo
 the Young Woman. About a Quarter
 old next Tuesday come Sevensnight——
 quo the t'other. Cuds-fish, quo the young
 Woman, you have bestow'd your time
 well

well——I have been Marry'd above this half year, and no sign yet of any thing coming. The words are hardly out of her Mouth, before another Neighbour steps in, and having heard part of the Complaint, What's the Matter with our Neighbour here? quo she. Matter! quo the t'other, Matter enough by my Faith——she has been Marry'd above this half year, and nothing yet coming. Believe me, that's not well, quo the t'other Neighbour——and yet it may be, that the Man's in no fault——S'life, quo the young Woman, the Man in no fault! As if a Woman of my Age and Complexion, could be in the fault——I know my own Complexion, and my own Abilities so well, that I'll give all the World leave to judge whether the fault be mine, or no. Patience a little, quo the second Neighbour, I have known some Women that have not been with Child, till after they have been two or three years Marry'd. Yes! And do you think I'll stay so long, quo the young Woman in a pelting Chase, not I by my Fackins——At these words, in steps another Neighbour, one of the more experienc'd sort, and tells 'em she had been at such a one's Groaning——What! quo the t'other, is my Neighbour
such

such a one brought to Bed? Of a Delicate Boy, quo the t'other. And how long has she been Married? cries the young Woman. But t'other day, quo the other———
 'S'life but t'other day! And I have been Married this half year, and have nothing to shew for't!

This Debate holds a long time——but at length cries one a little Wiser than the rest———Mrs. *Such-a-one*, this is a Matter of great Importance, and therefore pray go home, and take the Exact Dimensions of your Husbands Gunging Instrument, as to the Length and Compass: For till that be done, it will not be an easie thing to make a Right Judgment of the Business.

Come, come, says another, I know my Neighbour *Such-a-one* very well, and I am not apt to have an ill Opinion of him: I am sure he's a Man likely enough: He's only newly Marry'd, and a Man may Caress his Wife as well too much, as too little. And therefore Neighbour, give him a little time to replenish; nourish him up well with Yolks of Eggs, Oysters, Cock-stones, Crayfish, Lobsters, Periwinkles, Beef Marrow, Skirrets and Sweet Wine. Skirrets! quo another, Why 'tis the best thing in the World———My Husband is a Seaman,

man, and he brought me some *Skirrets*, and he told me the *Sweedish* Women commonly gave them to their Husbands when their Fondness grew slack : And I found it to be true ; for all the while we eat *Skirrets* together, he behav'd himself most right ; so that in good truth now I have sent him again into *Sweedland* for more *Skirrets*.

Mistress, you have interrupted me, but 'tis no matter, cry'd the first Speaker ; for I was going to tell ye, that the Kidneys of a little *Crocodile* dry'd and beaten to Powder ; and the quantity of half an ounce drank in a Glass of *Alecant*, will do strange things. I need not tell ye the Virtues of *Eryngo's*, Neighbours, 'tis one of the best Flowers the Confit-Makers have i' their Shops, and if they knew the use of *Satyrian* Roots, they would Candy more than they do.

Ay, ay, and there be your *Cantharides* too, crys another : Hold Neighbour, you must have a care of your *Cantharides*, they are a dangerous sort of Diet, and must be manag'd with great skill. I'll tell you a Tale, Neighbours. There was a certain young Woman, that shall be Nameless, who finding that her Husband did not get her with Child, came to an Apothecary of

her

her Acquaintance, and ask'd him if he had no Drug in his Shop that would cause her Husband to get her with Child, for that all her Neighbours had Children but she. The Apothecary told her he had a Powder, which if she did but give it her Husband in a little Broth, 'twould make him another *Hercules*, ay marry would it. The Woman desir'd the Apothecary to let her have a Dose, and having paid him for it, without disputing the Price, she carry'd it home with a light heart, and administering her Physick according to her Directions found the Operation of it to her Content, without any harm to the Husband.

But the Apothecary's Wife who had in a private Corner behind the Shop listen'd all this while to the Discourse that pass'd between her Husband and the good Woman, and thought she stood in as much need of the Receipt as her Companion. Ay, quo she to her self, and y'fackins I'll be my Husbands Physician for once; and observing whence her Husband took out the Powder, within two or three days after her Husband desiring her to make him some good Pottage to warm his Stomach, under pretence of fetching some Spice to put into the Broth, she took the remainder of powder'd *Cantharides*, and put it into the Pot

Pot without any regard of Weight or Measure. When 'twas ready, her Husband as greedily supp'd up a Large Mess: Nor was it long before he found the Effects and heat of it, which he thought to qualifie by the assistance of his Wife; but alas the Flame did so increase, that his very Entrails seem'd to be in a Conflagration. He swore to his Wife she had Poyson'd him, and ask'd her what she had put i' the Broth. VVho made him answer, she had put nothing into the Broth that was extraordinary, but a handful of the Powder which he had sold the other day to the VVoman that came to him about her Husband. Then the poor Apothecary understanding the whole matter and cause of his Distemper, in his Extremity curs'd her to the Devil, and sent for another of his own Trade to relieve him; which was not so easily done, but that it had like to have cost him his Life.

Now, bating the *Camtharides*, do you think it is not a great pleasure to a Man to find himself so kindly nursed and cherished by his Wife, Cock-brothed, Oyster-Fed, and Night and Morning Eryngo's and Tent; and every day fresh Overtures of Conjugal Dalliance, and new Allurements, to kiss, embrace and love one another?

These

These are Comforts of Comforts, and a Man that has such a Wife, such a Nurse, and such a Bed-fellow, so buxom, free and wanton as this, is the happiest of all Married Men.

But after all this, thinks the young Woman to her self, all this cost is merely thrown away, if I have not my due measure. For what's a Work-man without his Tools? If I send my Maid to the Ale-house for a Quart of Beer, if she does not bring me my Measure, I call the Fellow that drew it Knave, and my Maid Baggage: and I call the Milk-woman cheating Skur, if she does not fill my Pan, when I know how much is my due. This brings to her Remembrance the first Admonition given her to take an exact Accompt of Length and Compass, which she fails not to do, and to carry it along with her to the next Meeting, within two or three days after.

But then there happens a general Stupefaction and Astonishment among the Neighbours and Relations, when they find the two pieces of Apron-string snipp'd off, that of the length to hold out full six, and the Circumference between three or four Inches. Then they begin to shake their Heads, and hang their Lipps, telling the young Woman, that now begins to be as dejected

as themselves. — 'Slife, Neighbour, here's nothing but all perfect Justice ——— your Husband is a Man every Inch of him ——— We must search for the fault somewhere else ——— Nay it would be given against you in the Court of Arches ——— I knew a Taylor, cries one of the Neighbours, that was laughed at as long as he lived, for his Wife mistaking her Husbunds ——— for her own Thumb, slipped on her Wedding-Ring once, and pulled it off again; but when she thought to have done so a second time, it swelled, and put her Husband to that excessive pain, that she was forced to send for a Chirurgeon to have it filed off ——— But you Mistress make no such Complaint, and therefore we must not easily give Sentence against due Proportion. I don't know how it is, not I, cries the young Woman, ready to burst into Tears for Anguish, but so it is. I know a young married Couple, quo another, that were just in your Case, and the Physician told me himself, he gave the Husband this Advice, which was, to absent himself out of Town for Fifteen days, and the Sixteenth day to get a Horse-back, and so to order it, as after an easie Journey of Ten or Twelve Miles, to come home Just in the Evening.

At

At the same time, he also gave Directions, that his Wife should provide him for Supper a Legg of Mutton boiled with a Sallad of *Garden-Rocket*, a Capon roasted, and a Glass of good Red-Wine. Moreover, that he should place himself at Supper, right against his Wife, bare necked, and naked breasted.

Three hours after Supper, he bid the Gentleman go to Bed, lie close to his Wife, and Sleep out his first Sleep; after that, to enter into Amorous Discourse with his Wife, as awake as himself; and when he had so heightned his Discourse, to fall to his Work. And this Counsel was so Fortunate, that it not only had its effect upon this Gentleman, but upon several others in the same Condition. What greater Pleasure can a man have, then to have the free leave of his Wife to take his Lopes for fifteen days together, and then to come a hand-gallop home agen, to give her all the Content and Satisfaction she can Desire, to the great Joy of both Parties, and the next Morning, to take a lusty Beverage of Yolks of Eggs, Sugar, Saffron, Cinamon and strong Wine? By which you may find that the *French-Men* and Women in *Provence*, know what's good for themselves. This Course of Life will cause a Man's

Wife to Embrace him like an Angel, and to shew him a Thousand other Friendly Entertainments beyond Imagination. 'Twill be always in the Evening, *My Dear, come to Bed,* and in the Morning, *Love, lie a little longer.* If these are not Pleasures, I know not what Pleasures they are that these Dispisers of Matrimony would have.

But if Justice get the Upper-hand, and that it comes to pass that the Man is acquitted, can there be a greater Satisfaction to a Man than to find that he has a whole Jury of Women of his side, and that he passes for *rectus in Curia* from one end of the Parish to the other? But what proof of this? Proof sufficient. The Women have examined the Case; and they find her of a Temper, either too cold or too hot; too profuse or too scanty——Nature must be tamed or excited——to which purpose the young Woman must take Physick; and that taking of Physick is like the School Argument, *Either so, or so, but not so, Therefore.* And I think 'tis a very great Pleasure of Matrimony for a man to have such a Plea for himself: A thousand times better for a man to put it to the Test and Tryal of a due Course of Physick, than to the Examination of the Court of
Arches;

Arches ; where a man must be exposed to the Trial of forcing Nature before a Company of Persons of his own Sex ; enough to daunt the Impudency, and quell the Vigour of *Hercules* himself. The Chresmonger and his Wife ——— took a far wiser Course. For they by their Industry having scraped a pretty Estate together, but not able to get a Child between them to Inherit their Labours, after having been many years married ; at length, they grew very melancholy to think they should die Issueless. At last, the Woman (for had it not began there, the Plot had been spoiled) began to consider where the fault lay, but not being able to determine it her self, quo she, to her Husband, *William*, ——— Well Honey, quo he, ——— We are blest with an Estate, quo she, but we have neither Heir, nor Heiress to leave it to. ——— That's no fault of mine, quo the Husband ——— Nay, Husband, quo she, that's the point to be try'd. ——— Try-ed ! quo the Husband ——— how shall we try it more than we have done ? Why look thee, Husband, I have a conceit in my Head, quo she, ——— Ay Wife, quo he, but a thousand conceits i' thy Head will never make one Child ——— Nay, Husband, pray hear me, quo she, ——— I have a conceit i'

my Head, if thou and I can agree——
 VVhy VVife, quo he, thou knowest I have
 in all things been guided by thee. VVhy
 then Husband, quo she, thou knowest, that
 we have been long married in vain ; for
 we cannot get a Child, tho all ways and
 means have been used between us——
 'Tis too true, VVife, quo the Husband——
 VVhy then, quo the VVife, for the Satis-
 faction of both, if thou wilt agree, I am
 content with all my heart, do thou chchose
 out a Companion, for thy Humour, and
 I'll find out another to mine : and whether
 I am got with Child, or thou gettest
 the Child we'll resolve both to keep it as
 our own. The Husband was over-joyed
 at his VVifes Contrivance, and took his
 Maid, a good brisk VVench ; the VVife
 was pleased at her Husbands Condescension,
 and made choice of her Journey-man——
 And now 'twas presently discovered where
 the fault lay. The Journey-man laboured
 in vain ; but the Maid was unmaiden'd
 and brought to bed of a brave Boy. Bobs,
 there was joy in the Family, but the Neigh-
 bours were disgruntled, and the Church-
 VVardens would have the Master and the
 Maid *Coram nobis*, No, quo the VVife,
 there's no Occasion for this, quo she to the
 Magistrate, all Parties acted by consent,
 and

(101)
and my Husband and I take the Child for
our own, and are resolved to keep it as our
own, and what has any body to say to't?
It may be thought that many such Tryals
as these would prevent a world of Drs-
Commons Law, and preserve thousands
of Families in peace and tranquility free
from Heart-burnings, and continual mutter-
ings, and grumblings, between the good
Man and the VWoman. Here the Husband
had the pleasure of his maid, and the mi-
strefs of her man; the Child was the Ma-
sters own, and the maid bestowed it upon
her Mistrefs, the Mistrefs owned the Gift,
and the Maid was ready tryed for another.
So far from being the discomfort of Marri-
age, that it was the only Comfort the Hus-
band and VVife had had, during the whole
time of their VVedlock.

However 'tis concluded, that the Young
VVoman shall try the experiment of Phy-
sick; the Female Cabal will have it so, and
so it must be. Immediately all the Quack-
Bills are examined, and a *French Doctor* is
sent for. And no sooner is he sent to, but
he comes flying, with his *Scrapes* and his
Cringes, his *Madames* and *Begars*, his *me*
doe dis, and *me do dat*; *me cause your Hus-*
ban make a de shield upon your Bodce in lefs den
suray day ——— which cannot choole

(101)
but be a great Recreation to the Husband, especially if he be melancholy: But the chiefeft pleasure is that the Man must still try the Operation of the Physick, which tho it tye him a little too hard to duty, yet it must needs augment the Pleasure of Matrimony extreamly. If her dyet be toothsome and dainty, as if the *French Doctor* be no Fool, he seldom prescribes other, the Husband has his share, and that is still another pleasure. Nay it may so happen that the *French Doctor* may kill her with his Potions and Lotions, and then he has the Accomplishment of all the Pleasures of Matrimony, which is to bury her and marry another.

If the choice of a Grave dissembling Hypocrite of a Midwife, better please the young Woman, the Husband shall then have Pleasures of another sort: For then the old Matron will tittle and talk bawdy with him till her Chin drop in her bosom. The Comfort is, her Physick is all heartning; she quenches no flames, especially those of Love; she abominates the use of Rue, Hemlock, and the four Cold Seeds: All this while the young man takes Care that his young Wife want nothing to welcom her Chamber-Visitants, and he tells her himself to boot, that it is his chiefeft delight he has

has in the world to please her. Lastly if all this cost does not agree with the Constitution of the Husbands Cash, 'tis but retiring into *White-Fryers*, and laughing at his Creditors, and there's another Comfort of Matrimony.

VI. *The Young Woman proves with Child, with an Account of the Lying in, and how the young Sprigal is overjoyed at his Wives making him a Father.*

BUT there are some People who are never contented full nor fasting; if a young Woman long for a Child, and to be a Woman like the rest of her Neighbours, this must be taken as a Torment of Matrimony: if a Woman be pregnant and bear Children, Matrimony must be bann'd and rail'd at for that. What shall we do to please these Impertinents? They pretend that in this case there are many Contrivances, many Stratagems, many Collusions and evil Counsels of Gossips, that make the Poor Man's Night-Cap sit uneasy. Tho' let me tell you, if Matrimony in this particular have any thing unpleasant and uncomfortable in it, 'tis the Woman feels it that bears the Child, and not the Man that gets it.

Would they have her do as the Maid, if (I may so call her did) that sent her new marry'd Husband a Dog trot for the Midwife upon her VVedding night? 'Tis true, the woman sav'd her Husband a whole years expence: And what said one of the Gossips to him, when she was brought to Bed? Courage Neighbour, you may be sure this is ripe Fruit, for you see it falls without shaking the Tree. The poor fellow knew not what to think of it, but went away shaking his Head and complain'd to one of his Neighbours. And what said he? VVhy Faith, more cold Comfort still; Oh Neighbour, quo he, you ought to be very careful of this Child; for I fore-see, he will one day become a great Captain, that was able to force the Barri-cado's so soon, before you made your Approaches to the Place. This as I said before, was a saving VVife indeed, but her Husband had better have born the whole year's expence, than have suffer'd the single Nights reproach.

But here's a VVoman that goes out her lawfull Time, undergoes all the toils and hardships of Child-bearing and Delivery, and all the Maledictions of Primitive Disobedience, and because she only seeks for some Alleviation of her Pains and nipping Torments,

Torments, must be deem'd to render Matrimony a Nuisance to mankind. Had men been to have endured what women suffer 'tis to be question'd whether they would have endur'd what women brook with so much patience. VVhat a yelling did *Jupiter* keep when he carry'd *Minerva* in his Jobber-nole? And had he not been a God, do you think it had been possible for him to have carry'd such a Load of a staminal Jade as *Pallas* Arm'd Cap a-pe, in Steel, so long in his Head, so that he was forc'd to have his Head clef't with a Butchers Cleaver to deliver himself of his burthen and the Head-ach together. But 'twas the first and the last time, he thank'd ye, that ever you should find him take the same trouble upon him again.

You never heard but of one man, and he, they say, was an *Italian* Painter, who was made believe by a Company of Crack-Ropes of his Familiar Acquaintance, that he was with Child. This poor Man was so apprehensive of the Torment and pangs of his future Delivery, that tho' he had but one single hundred pound in the VVorld, he gave it all to a Physician for a distill'd VVater of Fat Capons, dissolv'd *Bran* and some other Logredients, to ease him of his

burthen ; by which means, tho' not without some Trouble, he was brought to Bed before his time, of a living Cushion. And I must tell ye, that the fellow that had his Brother growing out of his side found it an unmerciful trouble to lugg him about from Fair to Fair, as he was forced to do.

For you must know, that if Midwives and VVomen with Child, speak truth, and I'm sure there's no Body can contradict 'em ; the Rowlling and Tumbling of the little *Embryo* twinges 'em every moment. The Qualms of Breeding run through every Vein of a VVomans Body, more particularly affecting the Stomach, and occasioning that Squeamish Niceness of Appetite, that requires a more delicate and agreeable nourishment and refreshment, as well for the Infant, as the breeding VVoman. Besides, Nature being busily employ'd in the framing of a new Creature, produces strange Operations in the Fancy, and Imagination of the Woman, which if not satisfy'd with the Enjoyment of those objects which the Fancy has fixed upon, is the occasion many times of great Detriment to the Mother by frequent miscarriage, and disfigurement to the Child. And then it is, that the time is come for

a VVoman to try the Affection of her Husband, who would be thought the most unkind person in the world, to venture the Life of his Dearest Consort, and the loss of the Fruits of all his Nocturnal Labour for the want of two or three plump Partridges, or the Corner of a Venison-Pasty. Especially when he can but ask and have. For all Men, and all VVomen where ever he comes, are ready to gratifie the Longings of a Bigg belly'd VVife. Every Body asks her what she would have, every body asks her where she likes, and bids her please her self.

Of two very large Pomegranates that were provided for an Entertainment of the King at *Guild-Hall*, a Big belly'd Gentlewoman Long'd for one, and they were forc'd to give it, or else she would have swooned away. And therefore, 'tis Nonsense to blame a VVoman for gadding abroad and prowling among her Neighbours at such a Time as this: And 'tis the cheapest way for the Husband too to carry her up and down from place to place, where ere he can smell a good bit. It would be an unseasonable mercy shown to his Pamper'd Gelding; nay, tho it were to the Soles of his feet, to grutch the Trudging, tho it were ten Miles.

a-foot, to obtain the slight satisfaction of a Bit extraordinary, which he may have for fetching, if the Stewards of the Feast be not meer *Nabals*, to gratifie a Tender VVife, suffering for the sake of his own Pleasure. Or, if it please her better to have it of his own Purchasing, How the Devil can he lay out his Money with more delight? For certainly, if there be any content in the Delicacy of Viannds, the happiness must be strangely enhaunch'd, when a Man partakes it with his VVife in such a Condition. He is both her Husband, and her Phylician: He has broken her Head, and now he gives her a Platter: He was the occasion of her pain, and now he gives her ease: and a Man can have no greater joy in Matrimony, than to give that Phytick to his Grunting VVife, his best Companion, and his dearest Friend, of which he partakes himself with so much pleasure. If she will eat Chalk let her have it, for besides that, it is impossible to Stem in the Tide of VVomens Lorging, that which the Mother Longs for, never hurts the Infant: And we find that in *Essex* they feed their Young Calves with Milk and Chalk, to make their flesh look white: Which may be the reason for ought a Man knows, that his Wife longs for Chalk to make the
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little Calf in her Belly look white skinn'd,
when it comes into the World.

'Tis but a requisite piece of Gratitude
to indulge the Palate of a Teeming Wo-
man, and to alleviate the bitter Throws
and Pangs of Conception and Maturation,
with the slender, nay, tho it were with
the more costly Gratification of a few
Kick shaws, well knowing how great the
return of the Fruit will be at the end of
her Time. If nothing less will serve her
than a Wash-Bowl of Claret; if she has a
mind to confound a whole Sieve of *Kentills*
Cherries; or to deprive a Roasting Pig of
both his Ears, and to gnaw them off up-
on her Knees from the Spit; if she have a
mind to swill up a whole Rundlet of
Bruswick Mum at a sitting, 'tis better to
let her have her desires, than suffer the fa-
tal Consequences of a Denial. For there
is no Man i' the World would be glad to
see his Daughter stick upon his hands, e-
very way elle handsome, tall and well pro-
portion'd, only as the Devil will have it
because she has got a Hare-Lip: For that
Woman can never give her Husband a full
Kiss when she wants a piece of the kissing
part. Or who would be willing to see a
Red Spot over spreading his Sons Cheek,
as if Nature had wrapt up all that side of
his

his Face in natural Scarlet, for a continual pain in his Gums? And all this for want of disbursing the price of a Quart of Early Mulberries; or of a pitiful Forty Shillings worth of Green Pease in *April*. Men never consider the Crowns and Angels they throw away at the *Swan* in *Old Fish-street*; in Oysters and Codheads, their Collations at the *Runner* with Salmon and Old-Hock; their Hashes and Pottages at the *Bear* in *Burchin-Lane*, while they grudge the poor Teeming Woman, under the affliction of their Nocturnal satisfaction, the bare Solace of a single Coney, and a Penny Manchet.

Men must acknowledge, that Women have done them a most extraordinary kindness to ease them of that ponderous weight of Infant-Carriage; and therefore, since they have all the trouble, 'tis fit they should have some Retaliation and Alleviation of their Pain.

They say those Apples eat the sweetest where the Birds have been pecking beforehand; and it may be, that was the Reason, that the Lady long'd for a piece of raw Horse-flesh, seeing a great number of Crows so heartily at Breakfast upon the Carrion. However she resolv'd to share with 'em, and sent her Coachman to cut her off a
fine,

(III)

fine, delicate fat piece, as if he were to have Carv'd for himself. You may be sure the Fellow pickt out the choicest Bit he could find, and the Lady eat it up without Bread or Salt, with such an Appetite, that she rather seem'd to devour than eat it. This was a Tartarian sort of Diet, yet had the Lady been deny'd it, she might perhaps have been deliver'd of some strange Horse-fac'd Creature or other, to the great Scandal of her Ancient Family.

As extravagant was that Big belly'd Haberdasher's Wife, that nothing would serve her but to ride on Koekhorse, as we may say, at one time, upon the Elephant, and another time to besetride *Tom Dove* at the Bear-Garden. Yet had her humour been contradicted, she might either have brought forth a Boy with a *Proboscis*; or, a Daughter with a Bears Snout.

But when a Woman longs for nothing, but what is Laudable, Edible, Potable, Comfortable, good for the Head, good for the Back, good for the Belly, good for the Reins, good for every thing, as *China Oranges*, *Sevil Limons*, *Asparagus*, *Cherries*, *Strawberries*, with their Appurtenances, *Peaches*, *Apricots*, *Nectarines*, *Muskmelons*, *Winter Boon-Chrestiens*, *Pearmaines* and *Pippins* of all sorts:
Wa'll-

Wall-nuts, Grapes, &c. for Drinks, Rhenish-Wine, Old-Hock, Vin de Paris, Frontignac, Porto-port, Canary, Red or White Florence, Syder, Perry, Ale and Sugar, Mum; 'twere the most unnatural thing in the World to deny her any of these things. Trifles—Trifles—for a Man to deny his Wife in her Condition. 'Tis to be question'd whether an Indictment do not lie in the Case; whether it be not a piece of Self-Murder to let Bone of his Bone, and Flesh of his Flesh, and his own Flesh and Blood with that Flesh and Bones, to perish altogether, Wife and Fruit of her Womb, for want of a Pippin or two. The Devil's in't if she long for 'em all together——that's impossible——and for a single Treat, there's not any one of all these Rarities to be valu'd with the pleasure a Man takes to please his Wife.

If she long for a Mouth-full of Green Ginger, or a pound of Mackaroons, or a few preserved Wall-Nuts in the middle of the Night, what a piece of business it is for her Husband to go and knock up the Confit-Maker? He may do it with as good Authority, as if he had a warrant for it with a Seal i' the Margent. Who knows what Reason the Woman has for her longing, and what a lucky Hit the Husband
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may meet with for his Loving Sedulity? A Souldier once upon a time, I mean one of those that used to hire themselves out upon the Train'd-Bands, asked leave of his Captain then upon the Guard, to let him go home in a cold Frosty-Night, and lie with his Wife. The Captain was Civil. Away goes the Souldier, unlocks the Door of his mean Habitation, and up he mounts in the dark to his Wives Chamber; and it was come so near to the point, that the Souldier had flung his Breeches upon the Bed, almost ready to step in. But his Wife was taken with such a suddain Qualm, that unless he fetched her a Cordial immediately, she was a dead Woman; and so well she counterfeited her pangs, that the Souldier believing his Wife to be at deaths Door, snatched up his Breeches again, as he thought, put 'em on, away he flew to the next Apothecary. What would he have? Why a Cordial——What Cordial? Any Cordial, so far as Ten-pence would go, to save his Wive's Life, for he had but a Shilling, and he was willing to reserve Two-pence for his Morning's draught. Thereupon, the Apothecary gave him a small Cordial. But when he went to pay for it, instead of a Shilling, he found a whole Nest of Half-Crowns ready fledged,

in

in another Pocket he met with a brood of Guineys newly hatched; and feeling a little farther, he found a Gold Watch, and then the Souldier knew what a Clock 'twas. In the mean time his Wives Companion had made his Escape with the single shirtling'd Trousers, and the Souldier returned with the Cordial; but then to his great Consolation he found his Wife recovered, and so kind, that she bid him make use of the Cordial himself, for she had no need of it. And thus you see how Fortune Favours Husbands that are so kind to their Wives as to fetch 'em at Midnight what they long for. And therefore let no Man grutch, when his Wife is in a longing fit let it be never so late and dark, to go and fetch his Wife a Cordial, or any of her sweet Jim-crack she calls for.

Nor let any man Object, that many times 'tis no real Longing of the Woman, but her Liquorish Appetite that makes her so fine-mouthed, and so craving after this and t'other Dainty. But who shall be judge of that? The Woman is with Child, the Woman is Sick; and what she suffers there's no body can tell but her self. However the Endurance of pain and torment that is like to bring the Advantage of Issue, ought to be recompensed to the full. And therefore

it

It is not the Kindness of a Loving Husband in procuring his Wife the Satisfaction of her Longing, and the Alleviations of her Misery, that can disquiet him, but the paying through the Nose for a Bastard, and the Subjection he lives in, to the Concealers of his Ignominy, that cause a fermentation in his Thoughts, and make his Life uneasy to him.

VII. *Provision for lying in, and the Appurtenances belonging to it, with other Remarks fit to be known by a young Man that intends to alter his Condition.*

Certainly if some men might have their VVill, I mean these *Dispisers* of *Matrimony*, VVomen were in the worst Condition of all Creatures. For Nature has taught the Birds of the Air, against they are ready to Lie in, to frame their Bed-Chambers with that Art and Curiosity, to make their Beds, and draw their Curtain about them with so much Neatness and Artifice, that their Nurseries seem to be so many pettie Palaces; and the Winds themselves are forced to rock the Cradles of their young ones. But Women must neither be got with Child, nor taken Care of while they are breeding, nor provided for, against their De-

Delivery. 'Tis true indeed, when we see a poor woman reduced to that miserable shift as to be Deliver'd in a Cage, we are apt to believe that the Woman misses somewhat of Matrimonies pleasure ; but then again we take her for some forlorn Creature abandon'd by all Mankind, and forsaken even by Charity it self.

But we find all Creatures as Nature instructs 'em, making some Provision or other against their Delivery ; the Male doing his, and the Female her duty in all respects. Only Women must shift for themselves ; for after the Men have once got 'em with Child, they have nothing to do, but to drink and guttle, and whore and roar, or if they will be such Fools to compassionate the sufferings of their Wives, this must be look'd upon as the disturbance and Inconvenience of Matrimony.

But these upholders of Paradoxes consider not, that in the same Chamber, where the Wife Lies in, the Effect of the Husbands Manhood comes to light. And would you have the Parents want a great Candle or two, to see what God has sent 'em ? Man is Born naked ; all other Creatures come into the World with their Cloths on ; and these Cloths grow as they grow, without the help of Taylors
and

and Coat-sellers. Do you think it is not greatly for the Reputation of the Man, that his Wife has been with Child, and that she is Deliver'd at length of a Lusty Boy? Suppose it be a Girl, that Girl may bring Boys in time; for so the World goes round. The name of *DaDa* is now as pretty a pleasing name as Mr. *Bridegroom* was before. Why, we have heard of many Fathers of Children, that have been Fathers of Nations, and the first Wife has had always equal respect with the first Husband. Believe me, in some cases the word *Mother*, goes a great deal farther than the word *Father*, in point of Veneration. For without a *Mother* the *Father* might have shaken his heels to little purpose. The Man has nothing to do but to get the Child, and then his work's done. 'Tis true if the Man were to breed and bear the Child, as *Daniel Baubis* the French-man did, then the Provision were to be made for him; but in regard it is the General Custom, which never can be alter'd, the Provision must be made for them that bear the Brunt of the day. 'Tis the greatest piece of Injustice in the World for the Men to think to have all the Caudles and Panada's to themselves, and the Women do all the work. No, the Women need it, they loose Blood and Spirits, the Men

Men loose nothing, but what they are most willing to part with. Now as the Women win the greatest Honour, so ought they to have the more Worship; which Worship consists in the Provision made for her Lying-in, as making a Distinction between her and Ordinary Women. 'Tis true there are some Men, that when from a poor and low Degree, they come to be advanced to vast preferment, love to boast the meanness of the Place where they were Born. As *Sixtus* the Fifth when he came to be Pope, was wont to brag how he came of an Illustrious House, because his Parents were so Poor, that the Walls of the Chamber where his Mother Lay-in, where so battered and torn, that the Sun came in on every side at a thousand holes. But you may be sure the Woman would have had a better Accommodation if she could.

Women have always an Ambition to equal one another; and when a Woman begins to find her self with Child, she shall have Tutresses enow to tell her what she wants. Women also have a natural inclination to Neatness and Gaiety, which Custom has so encreased, that now you shall hardly meet a Woman in the Street, without a Lac'd Petticoat: And Men

Men must accommodate themselves to the Humour and Fashion of the Times. Besides theres the Grand mother, a wise and understanding Woman, and she best knows what's fitting for her Daughter. All things put together, there is such a Connexion of Occasions and Reasons, back'd with such Female Arguments on all sides, that there is all the Reason that the Woman should desire what she would have, and have what she desires.

Moreover it may so happen that the Woman may wear the Breeches; and it is not to be imagined but that if she wears the Breeches, she wears the Pockets too; and then if she says she will have it, who shall hinder her? However Fair and Softly is better than Ran-dan; Son, (quo the Grand-mother, that is to be) you see that your Wife, my Daughter, is with Child, you also know what a Portion you had with her; you know she has a great many Good Relations and Friends that will come to Visit her, and I should be sorry that any Daughter of mine should Lie-in like a Porters Wife——Mother, cries the young man——Hold Son, quo the Grand-mother——not that I suspect any such thing of my Daughter——But Son,

Son, you are lookt upon to have had a good Estate with my Daughter, and I am sure you had a better than *Mr.*——had with his Wife. She Lay-in t'other day, and I'll assure ye, Son, she had all things very decent about her: It will procure you much respect, if you order it so, that my Daughter may be nothing behind her, but rather above her; for there will be notable notice taken. As therefore you have acted like a Husband, you are now to act like a Father. Who now could resist such convincing Arguments as these? For when a Matron of a Wives Mother speaks to the Husband of the Daughter, 'tis as if the Sybil were talking to *Æneas* about his Journey to Hell, or the Wise Woman of *Delphos* were giving Council to *Solon* about the Laws of *Athens*; all Gravity, and all Unanswerable.

To this the Son makes Answer, Mother you know I understand nothing of these things, and therefore I leave all to your management——But, Mother, pray be as sparing as you can——Sparing! answers the Mother, why did you ever know me to be otherwise? I don't speak Mother for that, replies the Son——but——But! Why Son, I thought you had had a better opinion of me——I'll assure ye,

ye, Son, I have sav'd you above Forty pounds, by giving her two such Suits of Child-Bed Linen already, that the best Aldermans Wife i'the Parish need not be asham'd of——But, Kether——I think I have done a Mothers part——I don't question it, Mother——replies the young Man——Pray Mother, do what you think fit.

Thus you see you may as well Butt against the City Wall, as Butt against a Wives Mother; for the Mother always sides with the Daughter. However, hitherto, the Shooe comes on without a Conney-skin; all's easie and gentle. Here's no Plague of Matrimony yet to be discover'd. Well——proceed——

Suppose the young Man and his Bigg-Belly'd Wife now a Bed together——Laud, my Dear (quo she) had I known Marriage had been so chargeable, I believe thou couldst never have won me——What charges? my Dear, cries the young Man——Laud——my Mother tells me of so many things I shall want, that she makes me e'en Mad——What things; cries her Husband.——My Mother——Laud——my Mother makes me almost wild, she tells me I have a new Bed——Oh now I think on't, cries the Husband, I know where there is a fine Damask Bed to be

fold at Second Hand, I believe 'twill come for a small matter; I dare say for less than half that it cost——Foh, cries the young Woman, I have heard say, the Ladies at t'other end of the Town use a great deal of Paint, and a great many Washes, and these Paints and Washes leave such a sinell behind in the Beds——Foh——I'll have no second Hand Beds——Whuh! is that all? cries the Husband, then we'll have a new one, my Dear——New Damask Beds grow in every Upholsters-shop in Cornhill——in the mean time, let's go to sleep and talk of these things to Morrow. Where's the disturbance of Marriage in all this? Here's nothing but Language from the Wife as calm and smooth as Cream in a Milk-bowl, and the Man Condescending in all things.

Next morning comes the Mother again. Truly Son, quo she, I have been Studying all this night to save Charges——I have been thinking and considering every way, but I can find no way to save the Expences of a new Bed——'Tis the first time, and 'twill be for your Credit to have all things new——But whether a Damask or a Fine cloth Bed, that's the thing that troubles me——but let the Bed be what it will, we must have all Calicut

cut for the first Fortnight, both within and
 without — the *Calicut* therefore must be
 bought in the first place — How much
Calicut d'ye think will serve? quo the
 Son — Why truly, Son, quo the Mother,
 I believe about a Mile's Length's worth
 will serve — very good, Mother, cries
 the Husband — Then there must be
 Chairs and Cushions Correspondent —
 I knew a Parson that would not pray
 with a Sick Body that was just recommen-
 ding her Soul to Heaven, because she
 poor Woman had ne'er a Cushion for him
 to kneel upon; much less will our Parson
 that rustles in Silk, Christen your Child
 without an Extraordinary Cushion. Then
 there must be (for these are things that can-
 not be avoided) a Crimson Sattin Mantle
 with a Gold and Silver Lace, as broad —
 heark ye Son — as broad as your — you
 know what. For that's the Rule we go
 by — so that when the Gossips see the
 breadth of the Lace upon the Mantle, they
 readily guess at the length of the Man's,
 you know what — Son: So that 'tis for
 your Credit Son to have a Broad Lace up-
 on your Childs Mantle. I confess I had
 a very fine one of my own, and my Daugh-
 ter should have had it with all my heart —
 but I lent it out to a Lady, and she had the

Grace never to let me have it again. And then what think ye, Son, of a Court Cup-board cover'd with Silver Tankards and Candle Cups; by my troth, and if the Warming-Pan were of the same Metal 'twere so much the better, and I'll give Forty Shillings towards it my self. There should be also for the Chriftning day a large pair of *Holland* Sheets, with a deep *Flanders*, or fine *Hunniton* Lace, and I think the last will do well enough——for I would not put ye, Son, to any more Charge than needs must——besides, Son, these are Charges but once in your Life, when they are done with, they are laid up in Lavender till the next time, unless you shall think fit to make any Alteration. I confess there must be a new Gown against the first time your Wife goes abroad——that's all the reason i'the World——for she's a new Woman, and a new Woman ought to have a new Gown. One thing, Son, I had almost forgot, which is to give you some hint concerning your Belly Provision.——There must be fine Sugar enough for your Wives use and the Nurse to Steal——for Nurses will be Thieves for their Bellies, do what you can; besides Sack and Old Malaga for your Wife's and the Nurses morning's Draught. Then
 for

for you General Entertainments, they must be correspondent to the Splendour of your Wives Chamber. But be sure there be no want of Neats-Tongues and *Westphalia* Hamins; let there be piles of Oranges and Limons, and Mountains of *Wood-street* Plumm Cakes; let the *Spanish* and *French* Juices run, till the Men tumble down Stairs, and the Women grow merry, and then your Reputation will be spread from one end of the Ward to the other. 'Tis true I heard of a Vintner that bestowed Forty Pounds upon the *Sprinkling* of his Child, as the Quaker calls it, and then Broke: and his Wife and Children were return'd back to the Wife's Friends, like so many *Bromingham* Groats: But Son, that's no President for you, do you take my Advice, and my Blessing, and we shall never want these little Toys that I speak of.

By my Troth a most moderate Bill—— and all this while Money's worth for Money laid out. Why certainly no Man, that was not a meer Miser, ever took it ill, to see his House well furnished. Nor did any Man ever think it an Inconvenience of Marriage, to retaliate the Kindness of his Wife's Visitants with Gossips usual and customary diet. He that will

have God-fathers and Godmothers to his mind, that will be Liberal to the Midwife and Nurse, and give the Child a piece of Plate at the Months end, must bribe high; Necklaces of Pearl, Gold Watches, and broad Lac'd Petticoats will not come to Ordinary Gossipings. And therefore they that make these Expences the Discomforts of Matrimony, are a sort of morose Libertines, that desire an End of the World for want of lawful Procreation. For they are such necessary and incumbent expences to the Act of Generation, that you may as well separate the Sea from the Mouth of a River, as part Expence from the Chamber of Delivery. Besides that Man is Lord of the World, and of all the Creatures, and therefore it is fit, that as much of the Creature as may be should attend him at his first entry. Besides this is the only time that a Woman has a little pleasure in her Life. For ten Months Languishing in misery and torture, one Month of a little Transitory delight; a great piece of business indeed. Now she enjoys for a short time, Heaven knows the Fruits of her tedious sufferings; now she has her Friends about her, now she has her fine things and her attendance about her like a little Princess; but no soon-

er up again, but she must to her Old Trade of grunting and groaning. Where's the Justice of Men, to deny a poor Woman one Months Consolation in Twelve? The Man must be mad that takes the Mirth and Jollity of his Neighbours and Friends Caressing his Wife and the Pains of Delivery for the Dis-comforts of Matrimony. For were it nothing else, the very Child she has brought forth is worth ten times the Value of the Expence. For who knows but that she has made him the Father of a Prince or some Victorious General, for which Posterity will Honour him? Nay, who knows but that she has brought forth a Martyr? and then she has not only replenish'd the Earth, but added to the number of the Saints. And now let the World judge whether to be the Father of a great Captain, or a glorious Martyr, be not worth a Silk Fringe, and a Basket or two of Sevil Oranges.

However let the worst come to the worst, here's a Man-Child born; and it has been the Custom of all Nations to rejoice for the Birth of a Man-Child. Suppose a Man had a Cornfit-maker for his Tenant, How should he pay his Rent, but by the Advantage of Christenings? Then for Gossips to meet, nay to meet at a Christening

or a Lying-in, and not talk ; you may as well damn up the Arches of *London-Bridge*, as stop their Mouths at such a time. 'Tis a Time when Women, like Parliament-Men, have a Privilege to talk Petty-Treason against their Husbands. And he's an Ignoramus of a Husband that will not pass an Act of Oblivion for the Trespasses of a Christening Banket.

Oh ! But Midwives and Nurses! What of them? Why they are to be reckoned among the Intolerable Grievances of Matrimony. Their Reason? Why because the Wife is nice in her choice, and refuses one for being too Young, another too old, a third too Clumsy-fitted, a fourth too Talkative, and a fifth Tipples too much. And can ye blame a Woman for being wary and deliberative, in a matter of such importance as the Concern of her Life. Rather the Husband ought to be pleas'd with the discretion of his Wife that labours to bar such Nuisances from approaching his Family, seeking only the necessary Assistance of Gravity and Staidness. And what if she be as coy in the choice of her Nurse, knowing the Generality of those sort of Cattel to be either Sluts or Lazy Jades, Liquorish Carrions, Thieves, or Careless Tiplers of Strong Drink? Certainly it
shews

shews the Wisdom of the Woman, which cannot but be a great pleasure to her Husband. And thus you see that all the Preparations to the Lying-in, instead of being grievances become the greatest pleasures of Mankind. Clean Rooms, fine Furniture, delicate Food, Rich Wine, Good Company, and a Wife contented, which Consummates all the rest.

VIII. *The Woman falls in Labour, is happily Deliver'd, with a Mess of the Gossips Discourse thereupon.*

WELL ! What's the matter now ? Why 'tis about one of the Clock in the Morning, and dark as Pitch ; and the Man lies as fast, as if he had swallow'd *Opium* ; but we must wake him out of his sweet Slumbers with a Vengeance. For the Woman begins to feel the Pangs of Travel come upon her, and therefore there's no lying any longer for him. No Be-dads, he must up and be stirring : Here's another sort of Night-work now, not so pleasing as his first Enjoyments. And now the Trade begins ; up-stairs, down-stairs, hurry this way, hurry that way ; fetch my Mother, *Will* : And run to the Midwife, *Tom* : Away flies the Husband himself into

the Street; and falls a knocking at the Neighbours Doors, as if the next Street were on Fire, Well—and what of all this? This is to divest a Man of all Charity and Humanity : When a Woman is surpriz'd with the Pangs and Tortures of Travel, for a Husband to grutch his rising once a Year iⁿ the Night, and going with a Watchman before him a Mile or two to fetch a Midwife. This were to despoil a Man of all good Nature, to persuade a Man to deny his Wife the assistance of her Neighbours and Friends in the most grievous necessities of all their Lives. Surely these People would have Women only Stamp and Yean like Ewes. A hard case ! that Women shall be depriv'd of the Consolation of Society in their highest Distresses ! VWomen, that were ever such Lovers of Company, that if possible, they never go to the Necessary House, but in Pairs. 'Tis the main distinction between an Honest VWoman and a Baggage, that the one is never asham'd to be deliver'd in a full Assembly of her own Sex ; the other always sneaks into Holes and Corners to be Deliver'd alone by her self. And therefore one would think a Man should be so far from believing it a trouble to have his VVife well attended at her Labour, that he

he should rather count it a pleasure to trot about far and near at such a time for her Service. One would think it should be a great Pleasure to a Man to see his VVife respected and belov'd by her Neighbours, all gather'd about her in their Night-Rails, and obedient to the Directions of the Midwife, and happy is she that can be employ'd to warm a Clout for the Service of the VVoman in Labour. You would swear you saw that Great Maxime of Morality, *Do as you would be done by*, there truly put in Execution.

By and by the Woman is Deliver'd, and safely put to Bed ; and then away runs the Nurse to carry the Joyful Tydings to the Father, of what God has sent him. Tell him of taking the *Bridge of Effeck*, what cares he? The Nurses News is ten times more grateful to him, than the taking a hundred *Bridges of Effeck*. And this he testifies, by his liberally rewarding the Nurse for her pleasing Intelligence. For he's a Man of Generosity, and does not do as that *Hunk* did; who when the Midwife brought him the News of a Son born, slid an *Edward* Sixpence into her hand ; for which she dropt him a *Curchee*, thinking it had been half a *Jacobus*. But when she came to see what it was, she gave him such a Report,

Report, that he had better have hang'd himself, but that his Wretchedness made him Impudent, and Laughter-proof.

And then to go into the Chamber, and hear the Charm of Gossips talking over the New-born Baby, and crying, *Father's none Child, Father's none Likeness*, at the same time attesting the Honesty of his Wife, and his own Abilities; and then giving him joy of his Lovely Son; a Man would condemn the Morning Salutes of a Bevy of Nightingales on a *May-day* Morning, for the Mulick of such Welcomes of his Child into the World. All the Harmony of the Wates and Fiddles that wak'd him on the Morning of his Bridal Night, could be nothing to it. And thus you see him trebly rewarded in a Moment for all his four or five hours trotting in the dark before. And therefore they that make it such an Annoyance of Marriage for a Man to be wak'd out of his sleep at Midnight to fetch the Midwife, are clear beside the Cushion; a sort of unmerciful, uncompassionate, pitiless Wretches. And I dare say, there's not one of these inhuman Barbarians that are so chary of their sleep, but would run ten Mile a-foot iⁿ the Dark to steal a Fat Buck, or to rob a Fish-Pond.

IX. *The Woman is laid, and what follows after that, as to their Entertainment, &c.*

BUT now 'tis time for the young Man to shew his Breeding, and be civil to his Gossips. Out comes a fair Cheese and Plumb-Cake, hold Belly hold; and to wash it down, a round Bowl of *East-India* Punch. Fall on Neighbours, crys the Happy Father, here's to ye all, and I thank ye for your Kindness to my Wife. And this is counted another Disturbance of Wedlock. Surely we live in a strange Age, my Masters, when Common Civility must be thought a Nuisance of Marriage. As if a Man could do less than give a Civil Treatment to a Company of Civil Neighbours and Friends, that left their warm Beds, and their Husbands, at Midnight, some of them perhaps before they were half Down-diddled, in pure kindness to his Wife.

Now suppose the Women do talk a little merrily over their Cups to the new Father; they know he has known Woman, and understands something of *Aristotle's* Problems. Surely it cannot but be a great Pleasure to hear himself Applauded and Commended, tho it be a little Smuttily, for the vigour of his Parts, and that he has won

won himself such notable Divulgers of his Reputation. I have heard say (says the Midwife) there have been Laws made in some Countries, that if a Woman found her Husband Impotent, she might make choice of the most likely of her next a Kin. But Heavens be prais'd, there is no need of those Laws in this Family——Here Son, here's to the next——and then she drinks off a clever *Supernaculum*. Ha, Mother, (quo the new Father) you do well to encourage a young Gamester——I confess (replies the Midwife) I like a Man that performs his Work withip the Year——such a Man's like to be a good Customer to our Trade. Ay, but Mother, (quo the new Father) Where's your kindness to us all this while?——As how Son?——You tell us (reply'd the new Father) of Laws made in kindness to the Women——I wish there were a Law too made for the Men, that the Midwife, or the Nurse, might supply the Wive's place during Gender-Month——Laud——Sir, cries one of the Company, that would be the way to have none but young Midwifes, and young Nurses, unexperienc'd People; and what should we poor Women do then? Why then Madam, what think you of a Law to be made, that such Women whom
their

their Husbands could not get with Child, should come to us try'd Men, during that Vacation, and see what we could do? There's something in that indeed, quo the Gentlewoman, but I love Liberty of Conscience; I don't love that force should be put upon Women in that particular.—— Charity is one thing, Wantonness another. And therefore the Gentlewoman did well, who having been kind to her Neighbour, while his Wife was in the Straw, refus'd him when he came to request the same Curtesie after his Wife was up and well.

—— What, quo she, did ye take me for a Whore? And indeed, there may be some reason for a Woman to be kind to her Neighbour at such a time upon two Considerations: First, as I said before upon the score of Charity to the Man, and secondly, out of kindness to the Woman, her particular Friend: For she, fearing least her Neighbour, should run astray among strange Women, and get some foul Disease to the prejudice of her dearly-beloved Friend, and knowing her self to be sound and wholesome, and that she has enough to spare, believes it a piece of Generosity for the preservation of her Friends Health, and to prevent expence of Physick and Family disturbance, to gratifie her Neighbours Necessity;

cessity ; only for such a time and no longer.

Now ye talk of having enough to spare, quo the Midwife, I'll tell ye a Story, that I read in my younger days, somewhere or other, I can't tell where. There was a young Gentlewoman that liv'd in some Town or other beyond the Seas, Marry'd a Man, who was not so brisk as my Son here ; however he was jealous, and watch'd her, and she had the Misfortune to be taken in the Arms of one that pleas'd her better than her Husband. Whereupon, her Husband, like an Impotent Fool as he was, grew Horn-mad presently, and would needs take the severity of the Law against her, which was no less than Death, if the Fact were prov'd upon her. There wanted no proof, you may be certain, on the Husbands part ; But how d' ye think the Lady came off ? Quo she to the Judge, Pray ask my Husband, if ever I deny'd him the satisfaction of my Body, when-ever he requir'd it. Which the Husband confess'd to be true. Well then (My Lord) reply'd the Lady, What should I have done with the Overplus, that remain'd in my own Power ? Should I have Squander'd it away, like the Elder's Maid ? Was it not better for me to pleasure an honest Gentleman whose

whose Wife had been a Week i' the Straw, than a Surfeited Husband who had ten times more than he knew what to do with? Truly Daughters, my Son here, has started a Nice Question, the Determination of which is to be left to the Discretion or Kindness of his Neighbours; only you have heard my Story.

How the Devil can a Man spend his time more merrily than in such Company as this? But now comes that, that spoils all again——Within two or three days after, comes the Nurse to the new Father, and tells him his hopeful Issue has got a Thrush i' the Mouth on't, and refuses to Suck: More than this, that his Wife has got sore Nipples, and in danger of a Fever. Well, and what of all this. Is a Man bound to indemnifie his Wife or his Children, from the Infirmities of Nature? But here's the wonder, that when the Wife, or the Infant are fallen under any Distemper, it should be counted a Disturbance of Wedlock to send for a Doctor or a Chyrurgeon to procure their Recovery. And yet the same Persons care not what they Lavish away upon a young Colt, nor what they spend upon a Surfeited Race-Horse. How many Mens Stables cost 'em more than their Wives Bed-Chambers? One

Strawberry

Strawberry, or a *Tregonnel*, shall be more charily lookt after, than all the Wives and Children in *Europe*. A pleasant Extravagance, to grutch a Sick Wife and Child the Assistance of a Nurse and a Physician, when a Fillie-foal forsooth, must have at least three or four Men-dry-Nurses to tend him at a time. Nay should the pamper'd Beast fall Sick, there are some would Exchange a Child for a Colt at any time and acknowledge it a kindness from Heaven to take the one and spare the other.

But then they are troubled, that the Neighbours when they hear of the Woman or the Childs illness, should be so diligent and good natur'd as to visit the Sick. The Communication of their Experience, the Probatus and Recipe's is a disturbance of Matrimony. They make a noise iⁿ the Chamber they cry. What if they do? their talk does not cost any thing; or what if it did? 'Tis not a Three-penny matter, compar'd to what your *Fowler* and *Trowler*——Men spend upon a Company of yelping Hounds. Affliction they say is the touch-stone of Friendship—Here's the Woman ill and her Friends come to visit her—Here's the Child sick, and the Neighbours bring Cart-loads of
Receipts

Receipts and Recipe's, and contribute their Probatums with the same Zeal as the Women carried their Thimbles to *Guild-Hall*. Now one would think that the Man should be highly pleas'd, and that it should be one of the main Pleasures of his Marry'd Estate, to see his Friends and Neighbours so numerously careful of his Wife and Child. For still many Heads are better than one.

But now, both the Child and the Mother are well again; and the Mother begins to require a stronger and more costly Diet than Oatmeal Caudles, and New-laid-Eggs: She must have Pearch and Pullets, and Pidgeons, and Widgeons, Roast-Veal, and young Turkeys, and I know not what my-self. Well——and what now?——The Men will have all these Delicacies by themselves at the Tavern, tho they never Lay-in in their Lives; while their poor Lying-in Wives, after such a Waste of Blood and Spirits must be debarr'd the Common Restoratives of Nature. And thus we find all along, 'tis not Matrimony, but the Expence of Matrimony that these Men grumble at. Could there be but a way found for Men to keep their Wives and Children for nothing, you should see what Encomiums and Panegyricks would be

be made upon Wedlock. 'Tis a wonder among so many Projects that the *Grashoppers* did not hit upon it. Stay — there is one now I think on't, that comes to my mind — Let the Men send their Wives and Children to the Commons and Chaces a Grazing — If they can but Fast Winter and Spring, there will be Wild Strawberries, and Bilberries enow to fill their Bellies in Summer and Autumn; and better the Birds starve, than poor Women and Children: Then for Cloths their Husbands old Cast Coats and Cloaks will serve: Whereas now here's such a Consumption of Gold and Silver upon Lac'd Petticoats, that the Man can hardly get Money enough to go to the Tavern. Oh but they'll say there's a Reason in Roasting of Eggs. A Child-Bed Woman may be restored at a cheaper rate after her Molting time, than with dissolv'd Pearl and Butter'd Crabs. But suppose the kind Husband thinks nothing too good for her, must he be stinted by a Ragamuffin of a Marriage-Hater? 'Tis time to cry out, God bless poor sinful Women, when Sack and Sugar comes to be a Crime.

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X. *The Gossips Invited, together with some of the Pleasant and Jocular Discourse that passes amongst them.*

NOW here's another Hell of Matrimony, according to the Opinion of the Humorists of this Age. The Good Women, forsooth, Neighbours, Friends, and She-Relations of the Woman in Child-Bed, were kind and civil to come at a Whistle, to assist the Good Woman at her Labour, for which the Grateful Husband invites 'em together, and bestows a decent Entertainment upon 'em, and this is thrown in the Dish of Matrimony, as a great Grievance of Wedlock. Now let the World judge; the Good Woman's recovered, has born the Brunt of a hard Labour, has replenish'd the World; there's ne'er a Maid the less for her as they say, and her Acquaintance and Friends, such as she sent for, such as came at Midnight, are summon'd to Congratulate her Recovery, what a Reputation now would it be for the Husband, that when they come together, they should find nothing but a piece of dry Bread and *Suffolk* Cheese to comfort their Hearts? These are Crums of cold Comfort for Gentlewomen to come a Mile or two

to a Gossiping. Women are Sociable Creatures, and have Tongues in their Heads as well as Men. But their Discourse is a Grievance of Matrimony. Heavens bless us! Would you have 'em sit like so many *Talkers* in a Coffee-House, Smoaking their Pipes, and Drinking Sherbet, without speaking one to another for a whole day together? 'Tis not their business to trouble their Heads with Elections of Sheriffs or Parliament Men. Pray give 'em leave to talk of such things as fall within the Verge of their Understandings. 'Tis their business to bring Children into the World; upon which, many Casualties depend, and these Casualties produce a thousand Themes for Discourse. When they talk Bawdy, 'tis not Bawdy in them, but pure Philosophy. How many Gossiping places are there about this City for Men? There is *John's* Coffee-House, and *Dick's* Coffee-House, and the *Royal* Coffee-House, the *Exchange* Coffee-House, and the *Widow's* Coffee-House, and *Sam's* Coffee-House, besides Two Thousand Four Hundred and Fifty Coffee-Houses more, where you shall hear Men with Green Aprons talking and prating together so Idly, so Coxcomically, so Pragmatically, that 'twould make a Man Spew to hear 'em. Here sits one Company

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pany of Ideots Reforming the State ; there another sits telling ye what the Duke of Lorraine intends to do the next Summer before he has quitted the Field this Autumn. While the rest sit streaming their Eyes, and gaping after News as Maids hearken after Sweet-hearts. And by and by comes in one for their Turn, that sits him down, and amuses the Gulls with more Lyes than are in *Manderil*. Another tells 'em of a Project he has to make Town-Tops spin without an Eel-Skin, as if he bore malice to the School-Boys. And if a *German* Doctor come in to entertain 'em with Rhodomantados in Physick, you shall hardly perswade 'em to quit the Room.

But the VVomen's Discourse is past and home to the business in hand. If they come to a Sitting-up Feast, they laugh and are merry over their Rhenish-VVine and Goose-Pye ; if they are Invited to a Funeral they weep over their Burnt VVine and *Naples* Biscuit. This is to the Purpose : And indeed at a Gossiping Feast the work of Generation is so large a Theme, and so pleasing, that it holds 'em tack in spite of their Teeth. There are so many Appendixes belong to the work of Generation, so many Accidents, some Precedent, some Subsequent ; so many Questions to be put
con-

concerning it, that tho a Gossips Feast should endure a whole Century, it would be time little enough to discourse upon the several Subjects.

For Example, one VVoman is troubl'd in Conscience about what time of the Day or Night is best for a Man to Caress his Wife. Now where would you have this Question put, but in an Assembly of those that have try'd, and are best able to settle the Matter? Thereupon the Question being fairly started, that in the four and twenty Hours, there were two times chiefly to be observ'd for a Man to yield Obedience to the Commands of Love, the one four or five Hours after Dinner, and the other four or five Hours after Supper. For then, said he, the Body is neither too full, nor too empty, the Concoction of the Stomach is in some measure perfected, the natural heat is refreshed, and the Spirits are multiplied, and that tho the Man should be at a great Expence, yet there would be a Reserve left for the Foundation of a new Supply. Another cry'd, she had heard that the Evening Caresses were more delightful, and the Morning Embraces more wholesome. If so, cries a third, then let me have the Evening Caresses for Pleasure, and the Morning Embraces for Health.

Upon

Upon all which, and much more that was said to the same purpose, another concluded, that there was no reason for a Man that was sane to be so Superstitious in the Observance of Times and Seasons; but that which troubl'd her most was to know, what were the certain Limits which Nature had set to the frequency of performance. Here, one of the Gossips taking her up, Neighbour, Neighbour, if the Men would but do as they say, that Question would soon be answer'd. For I heard, my Husband should make his brags a while ago at the Tavern among his Wine-bibbing Companions, that he was a second *Hercules*, but he lies like a stinking Knave as he is. Bless me ! cries another, what d' ye talk of Limits in this particular ? As if a Man were to be stinted in this Case, let him do as often as he pleases, he shall never be stinted for me. I'll never do as the *Portugall* Woman did, complain to the King of her Husbands over frequent kindness to her, and force the King by her Tears and her Importunity to such a stint. Why, was there ever such a Woman indeed Lau ? cries another. Ay, indeed was there, replies the other, if Stories be true ; but this I read particularly in a Book of Midwifery. Bodikins, cries the other, the King should

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never

never have flinted my Husband, had he been the best King iⁿ the World. What Authority, I would fain know, has a King to flint my Husband? At which they all fall a Laughing——And after a Cup about, they fall off from their Natural Philosophy, and enter into a Discourse about the Duty of Husbands. Marry, cries one, and I think 'tis but all the Reason in the World, that our Husbands should be dutiful to us, when we bear the burthen of the day——If we bear, 'tis but fit they should suffer——My Husband when I was first Marry'd, was forc'd to Court me a whole Week, to let him come to Bed to me, for only neglecting to fetch me home from such a Gossiping as this, as I commanded him.——I have made him rise many a time in a Frosty Morning to kindle me a Fire in my Chamber, when my Maid has been sick——But what if he would not——Why then, cries the other, I'd have kickt him out of the Bed; that's the long and the short on't. You are happy, Madam, cries the other——I wish I could say so too——My Husband comes in roaring and ranting a Nights, and if I give him the least angry word, 'tis true, he does not beat me, but he falls a banging the Great Looking-Glass iⁿ my Dining-Room,
and

and then I fall a crying, and am forc'd to hold my peace, for fear of my *Indian Cabinet*——You are a Fool, Neighbour——the next time he serves you so, I'll tell ye what you shall do——go to the next Shop where you are known, and take up upon his Score, as many Looking Glasses as will hang round the Room——Cuds-fish——cries the Complainant——he'll send 'em home again, and what shall I be the better for that?——No——before he shall do that, break 'em your self, cries the other, 'twill make him weary of breaking Looking-Glasses, I warrant ye. My Neighbours i'the right for that, cries another; but what if my Husband think it his Duty to get his Maid with Child? Oh Neighbour (replies the other) there's the Law of Titt for Tatt, in that Case——let your man get you with Child——I was going t'other day to look for an odd Petticoat in a High Press that I have i'the Garret; and what should I find there, but the sweetest Babe that ever I saw i'my Life, fast asleep, and as mute as a Whiting——Presently I call'd up my Maid, and askt her whose Child that was? She fell on her Knees, and told me it was her's: By whom I pray now, Mrs. Gillian, (quo I?) By my Master forsooth, (quo she) and

I could not find i' my Heart to Murder it, but have tended it so carefully ever since it was Born, that I am sure you never heard it cry or make the least noise in this World. Truly I was so taken with the Ingenuity of my Maid, that I presently sent for a Nurse, and put it out at my own Charges. There-upon they all cry, there was no revenge in that——No, (quo she) but there is in this, that the next of mine, will be none of my Husbands, I can tell him that for his Comfort. Besides I read him such a Curtain Lecture for it, that the poor Cuckold was forc'd to down of his Marrow-bones and ask me forgiveness to Boot.

Truly Neighbour (cries one) in my Opinion your first Revenge was a little too severe; had you only given him a Curtain Lecture, and made him pay for keeping the Child, it had been enough. For it is grown so customary now adays, for Masters to Kiss their Maids; that they will Kiss their Maids tho' the Mistress lay a dying. I have heard of a Sadler, that had a very careful good Wife; but because she was not Immortal, she fell so ill of a suddain, that her Husband verily thought she had been upon her Death Bed. While she lay in this Condition, he sobb'd, he wept, he bemoaned his loss, and nothing would

would serve him, but he would die with her. At last when he thought her past recovery, and perceived no Body in the Chamber but his dying Wife, and a Chamber maid beautiful enough, he beck'nd her to him, and in a soft and lamentable Tone; *Betty* (said he) I am now resolv'd to die my self, since thy Mistress is so near her end; and therefore I recommend my House and Children to thy care; and so saying, deliver'd her the Keys of all he had.

The poor Girl touch'd with compassion, besought her Master, gave him the most comfortable Language she could; beseeching him to lay aside such despairing thoughts. O *Betty, Betty*, (cry'd the Master) there is but one thing can recover me; and that is thy kindness to me; and so saying, he threw her upon the Bed, and began to feel her Breasts. Which his Wife that had not spoken in three days before beholding, it put her into such a rage, that she recover'd and liv'd many years after to upbraid the Falseness of her Husband.

Now ye talk of Maids (cries another) I'll tell ye a Story of a Maid, that served me about three or four years after I was Marry'd. She was a good handsome Girl,

and my Husband had such an aching
Tooth at her, that he follow'd her up and
down the House, when I was out of the
way, and would never let her be at quiet :
of all which the Maid was so honest as
still to give me an Account. At length
the Wench wearied with his Courtship,
resolv'd to put a trick upon him, that so
she might be rid of him; which fell out
Luckily. For it happen'd that one day,
my Husband thinking I had been safe,
found her sifting Flour in the Pastry to
make Apple-pies, with a Straw-Hat on her
Head, and a Night-rail about her Shoul-
ders, and there laid close Siege to her.
The Maid presently lays hold of this Op-
portunity, and having seemingly conde-
scended, desires him to put on her Hat and
her Night-rail, and to keep the Bolter go-
ing, while she went out upon the scout
to see that all things were secure. To all
which my Husband readily consented.
But y'faith, my Maid serv'd him a Trick
for his Learning; for away came she run-
ning to me, and told me in what a
posture she had left him: nor was I
less hasty to see what a new Pastry-
maid I had got——But Laud——
when I saw my Husband so strangely be-
dizen'd in his Straw Hat and his Night-
Rail——

Rail—I thought I should have dy'd
with Laughing—Honest Maid, (quo I)
what wages shall I give you a Month? you
look like one that would prove an excel-
lent Servant. My Husband hearing my
voice, and finding himself betray'd, you
would have burst your sides to see how he
lookt, with his Face all Meally, and star-
ing like a roasted Pigg—down went the
Straw-Hat, off went the Night-Rail,
and away he ran out at the Back-door as
if the Devil had been at his Tail—I
think so he was (quo another) when you
were so near him, This puts 'em all into
such a loud Laughter, that 'twas a wonder
they did not break the Backs of the Chairs
with their Shoulders; and some were so
taken with the Story that they could not
forbear Laughing backward as well as for-
ward.

Come Neighbours, (cries another) this
is a time to be merry and tell Stories—
but first let's drink—here Gossip, here's
to your next Husband and mine—
Faith, (quo she) I drink as I think—
So—now to my Story—I re-
member my mother was wont to tell a
Tale of a Neighbour of hers, a good
wealthy Farmer, who had a very good
woman to his VVife, that brought him a
good

good Fortune, and made it her Endeavours to please him in all things, and he was no less afraid to displease her; but for all the great Love he bore her, he was withal so charitable, that many times he gave to his Neighbours what was more properly due to his Wife. This Farmer had a Dairy-maid of a delicate Complexion, for whom he had a very great kindness; but fearing his Wife should take notice of it, he made great complaints of her every day to his Wife, telling her what a lazy Slut she was, and wondring why she did not bang her sides: Why then, (quo the good Woman to her Husband, suspecting nothing) do you bang her sides; you see her miscarriages oftner than I—— why then Wife (quo the Husband) with your leave, so I will——but now I think on't (quo he) should I make use of my Cudgel, my hand is so heavy I should break her Bones——but twigs break no Ribs——I'll 'en exercise my Talent upon her Buttocks, as you do by your Children, and I warrant I'll bring her to something——as you think fit for that, (quo the Wife) for I have neither the Heart to beat her to purpose, nor the Strength to master her. Away goes the Husband, and like a cruel Beadle, provides himself of a swinging

ing Rod no less dreadful than the Picture in *Winchester* School; so that the poor Woman had more pity of her Maid, than suspicion of her Husband.

Soon after the Spirit moving him, up he gets from his Wife betimes in the morning, and away he posts to his Dairy-Maid in the Garret, where he gave her another sort of Chastizement, than what his Wife meant. When he had done, the Wench fell a crying, the Master fell a Thrashing the Coverlet and Bed-posts, till he had worn the Rod to the very stumps, and so returning to his Wife—Well (quo he) I think I have done her business, —I believe she'll remember *May-day* morning as long as she lives. Within a few days alter, the Maid being taken with a Qualm of Repentance, comes to her Mistress and falling upon her knees, with Tears in her Eyes began to tell her, how that her Husband had done her the greatest wrong imaginable. Her Mistress thinking it had been the business of the Rods, not suffering her to go on—Your Master, (quo she) has done well —'twas no more than I bid him do—all that I fear is, he has not done so much as he should have done. The Dairy-maid hearing her Mistress's Approbation, began to have a bet-

ter Opinion of her self, and to believe it no Sin for a Maid to lie with her Master, especially when the Bed-posts suffer'd for it: and from that time forward resolved never to refuse her Master's Correction when ever he was so kind as to give it her.

Lau ye now, cries another, are not these Men a wicked sort of People to accuse Women of so much Subtilty, as they do — Here was a Knave in Grain ought to have been hung up by the Heels, for all the Good Women in the Parish to have had a lash at his Tail, for deceiving a Good Woman as he did — But i'faith, he should not have cozen'd me so; if he would have been Correcting, I'd have seen the Correction done my self. I knew a Young Gamester that us'd to tickle his Chamber-Maid — and one Summer Morning very early he carry'd her down into the Garden, and causing her to make a Crucifix upon the Grass, he went to work with her — But perceiving that one of his Neighbours had spy'd him out of her Chamber Window, up he went, and fetching down his Wife, serv'd her in the same Sawse — Within a day or two after, the Neighbour came and told the Good Woman what she had seen her Husband

Husband do to her Maid. My Maid !
 ——— Neighbour, quo the Good VVo-
 man, 'twas my self I assure ye ———
 VVhy, d'ye think (quo the VVoman)
 that I don't know you from your Maid ?
 I tell ye 'twas my self, quo the other; and
 do what her Neighbour could do for her
 life, she could not perswade her to the con-
 trary.

And thus they hop from one Story to
 another, as Birds from Bough to Bough :
 For their Tongues never lie still but when,
 they Drink, for they can talk with their
 Mouths full. And now woe be to those
 that have got an ill Name ——— There's
 not a Man or VVoman they know of, that
 is not scann'd for their good or bad
 Deeds ——— Such a one (cries one) was
 forc'd to submit to a Search t'other day i'
 the Court of Arches at the Complaint of
 her Husband ——— Cuddle bobbs, quo a-
 nother, I heard something of it indeed
 ——— pray Neighbour how did it go ?
 ——— VVhy the Midwife that was for-
 most of the Jury, brought it in, that she
 had as good a one, as she had, and she had
 enough to serve the best four Men in Eng-
 land ——— Another whispers her Neigh-
 bour i' the Ear, so loud that all the Com-
 pany may hear her ——— Slife, Gossip,
 they

they say Mrs. *What d' ye call 'em*, was brought home t'other Night in a Coach, by two tearing Gallants, at Twelve of the Clock at Night; presently five great Candles were call'd for to light the Gentlemen up Stairs, where they stay with her till two of the Clock i' the Morning—— I pity the poor Man her Husband, and then she shakes her Head, as if she would shake her Teeth out of her Mouth—— These are ill things—— Neighbour, quo she, What are ill things, Gossip, cries another? things that we are talking of, cries the other. Now ye talk of things, cries another, of all the things that ever I heard of, I cannot but admire at one of my Acquaintance in *White-Chapel*, that shall be nameless—— Why what of her?—— Why she was brought to Bed about a year since—— but when she was in Labour, she cry'd out, she could not be delivered before the thing that got it was cut off—— And what became of the Business?—— What became on't, Kether—— Why we were forc'd to send for Doctors and Chirurgeons, and get the Husband up, and give him good words to let it be cut off—— At first to save his Thing—— he swore 'twas none of his Thing that got it—— till the Chirurgeons.

geons told him how they intended to cozen his Wife——— And how was that pray?——— Why there was all things formally done——— the Husband roar'd——— and the Likeness of a Thing was shewn all Bloody, as if newly cut off——— and then the Woman was brought to Bed; but, I must tell ye, *Mis. Foreman* repented it a thousand times before her Month was out——— and when she came to understand how she was deceived, never was Woman so overjoy'd as she was.

By this time their Husbands were come to attend 'em home, and the young Father unwilling to disturb their Mirth before, enters with all his Myrmidons. And now higgledy-piggledy, the Women must not think to have all the Chatt to themselves——— Pray my Dear, cries one, look well upon that Child——— 'tis a brave Boy faith, and I intend, this Night, to get such another——— Hold Husband, quo his Wife, I'll give ye four Nights and do the best you can——— I am afraid you'll come short of my Neighbour, by his Workmanship.

By and by they begin to grow mellow, and then they are all for chopping and changing of Wives; the Men take the Women as the Lots fall; and throw 'em upon the Green Woman's Bed, where as
far

far as Kissing and Smugling goes, there's no Mercy. Fie Mr. *Such a one*, cries one — I wonder y' are not asham'd, cries another — Husband, (cries another) pray come help me; I am busie Wife, quo he. Another more dextrously handl'd, cries, Well — well — I hear ye — Some are so Coy and so Nice, that when her Peramour comes to give her a Buss, she gives him a Box o' the Ear — Stand away Cock-Robin, quo she — I'll gi' ye a slap o' the Face, cries another, if ye meddle with me — But this wont serve their Turn — The Men must have Busses, and Busses they will have — This begets a Petty Skirmish at the t'other end of the Room — The Women pull off the Mens Periwigs, and defend themselves with their Claws for awhile, but not able to hold out, they are forc'd to yield at length, with a Proverb in their Mouths — *Better give a Knave a Kiss than be troubl'd with him.*

This Horse-play being over, in comes the Punch-Bowl, and that compleats the Work of the Night: The Men grow Tipsie, and tell Stories of their Wives; the Women get Maudlin, and tell a hundred Tales, what their Husbands said to 'em, when they first came a Wooing — and by

by what strange Accidents they came together———Laud———cries one, I no more dreamt of having this Husband of mine two days before I had him, than I dreamt to be Pope of *Rome*———For I was Courted by as Compleat a Handsom young Man as you should see in a Summers day——but he (forsooth) when all things were agreed upon, besides my Portion, would needs have a Mare that my Father had in his Stable, or else 'twas no Bargain: Nay, thought I, if you come a Wooing to my Father's Mare, and not to me, e'en fare ye well———I'll be no Man's Wife that must have a Mare for his *Miss*; and so I hit upon this Cock Robin here———Ah *Bobb*, wouldst thou but take my Advice, thou might'st be a happy Man———Hickup, Hickup, quo another, I have a Ne'er-be-good too yonder, Hickup, Do what I can for my Life, Hickup———I can't keep him out of the Bowling-Green, Hickup———in *Whitmore-Fields*, sometimes I walk that way, Hickup———in an Evening, and there I can hear his voice———Hickup———Rub, rub, rub, rub———Hickup———But Sirrah *Will*———if thou wouldst but rub, rub———Hickup———more at home, 'twould be———Hickup———a great deal the better for thee———Hickup.———

The

The Punch-Bowl thus empty'd, the Women are up in Arms to hear another call'd for ———— No, by no means, they cry all together ———— and jugging every one her own Husband to her self, they put on their Scarfs and their Hoods, and home they march, leaning upon their Husbands Arms, with a more than ordinary weight, you may be sure. Perhaps one or two are so Godly as to say their Prayers by the way. ———— that's nothing; 'tis but turning the Petticoat, and all's well again.

Thus Gentlemen and Ladies, here has been a Child-bed Woman visited ———— Here have been abundance of Stories told, here has been a great deal of Philosophy reveal'd, a World of Mirth and Jollity; and which is the Cement of Good Company, perhaps a great deal of good Cheer. Now the Duce take me, if I can find where any Grievance of Matrimony is to be discover'd in all this. For the Women have their Laws and Constitutions in these Cases among themselves, as unalterable as those of the *Medes* and *Persians*. They know that no body goes to meet in bare walls, but they that go to Church. Deny 'em the Gratification of a Gossips Feast, and you may bring your Wife to Bed your self the

the next time : Thus far then we are right.
And now to the next.

XI. *The Child comes to be Coated, the Child grows forward, and the Inconveniency of VVet-Nurses.*

'TIs very true, Man that is Born of a VVoman must be Coated ; that's a Maxim not to be deny'd : Children must be Coated before they can wear Breeches. They say indeed, that the Sons of the Gyants were put in Breeches as soon as they were Born, because they were as big as our Children at nine or ten years of Age, and could go as soon as they dropt from their Mothers Wombs : Besides that, they had Teeth at their first coming into the VVorld, and never Suck'd. But it is not so with the Children of this Age, they must be Coated for the convenience of the Nurses turning up their shitten Tails. Let them therefore want a Coat to their Backs, that murmur at the Coating of Children. But they do not grumble at the Coating of Children, they cry, but that the Mother keeps such a fiddle-faddle about it. 'Tis a hard case that a Mother must be snubb'd and snubb'd and curb'd about the Coating of her Child. 'Tis the Mother's delight.

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delight to see her Child go trim and neatly dress. But you'll say, the Mother is too solicitous about the Mode and richness of the Stuff; and in a short while, the Child must have a Lac'd Bonnet, and a Plume of Feathers to boot. And all the Reason in the World; for the Child is to be carried abroad and be shown, and the finer it is, the more graceful it will look: It may be too, the Father is an Artillery-Man, and then I hope he will not grudge his Man-child a Feather. You'll say that in former times, the *Picts*, who inhabited one of the Coldest Climes of *England*, were wont to go naked, and there was none of this Trouble among them about Coating of Children. But alas we have no such hardening of Children now adays. That Woman would have all the Boys at her Heels, that should walk i' the Streets, and her Nurse following her with a Child in her Arms, as Naked as ever 'twas Born; besides the danger of its dying of a Chinese-Cough. Some Men indeed will look askew, to see their Children, as soon as Born, in Silk Lac'd Coats, and all things Correspondent; but their Wives have an Answer for 'em; they take 'em up at the first rebound, and cry, Why, Is it finer than my Neighbour such a ones Child?

What

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What can any man say to that now, if he be but a Person of Reason. However the poor man shakes his Head, and cries ; Wife, the *Lacedemonians*, and they were a frugal People, were never wont to trick up their Infants so gay——Fart for the *Lacedemonians* (quo she) what d'ye-tell me of the *Lacedemonians* ? I'd as live have no Children as not to see 'em go fine.

By and by comes the Godmother, hearing when the Child's to be Coated, and brings it a Gilt Coral, a Silver Spoon and Porringer, and a brave new Tankard of the same Metal, with a train of half a dozen Gossips ; and after them, for the news flies, half a dozen more ; and so by three's and by four's till the House be as full as at the late Gossips Feast. S'llse —— what shall we do now ? For the Godmother will expect to be treated——why 'tis a happiness that *London* never wants a Marker. Then the Husband beck'ning to his Wife——hark ye——Wife, a word wi'ye——well——what's the matter now ? ——Who thought of a Parliament ? Sniggers daggers, here's the Tribe of *Can* come in upon us——what, more Treats still ? ——More Treats still ? (quo the Wife) I and more and more Treats after that, if I please——are not they
your

your Friends as well as mine——Go, go ; prithee get thee to Market, and buy that which is Good, and send it in quickly——'tis almost Twelve a Clock, and we have nothing but cold meat i'the House. At this the Man scratches his Head, goes to his Till, takes his Cane and Gloves, and away he marches——Now suppose he do buy up a whole Poulterers Shop and send it in, he has the worth on't in good Plate. Nay you shall see how he's rewarded for his good deeds ; for by and by the 'Prentice comes after him into the Market, and tells him the God-father's are come too, the one with a whole piece of Flower'd Silk, the other with a set of Gilt Spoons, the Gifts of Lord Mayors at several times. Now is not this worth a good Dinner d'ye think?——Certainly there cannot be a greater pleasure to a man, than to find that his Child has such Benefactors before he is five weeks old—as if the free Gifts of Gilt Spoons and Silver Tankards were to be reck'n'd among the Dis. comforts of Wedlock. But these mumblers against Matrimony, pick out the worst, and leave out the best. Poverty indeed may a little embitter Matrimony ; but good Friends and Relations render VWedlock the most comfortable of all Conditions——let a man

man but make as good a choice all along, as he did at first, and then there's every Child a new Tankard. For look ye, there's Policy in all things ——— The next Gossips Feast, the Husband brings forth his Guilt Spoons and his Tankard ——— and cries, these Spoons were given my Son *Tom* by his God-father, and this Tankard was given him by his God-mother ——— which is enough to teach the others what Copy to follow. Whence we must infallibly conclude, that Coating a Child is no Discomfort of Matrimony : rather a man would choose that his Wife would bring forth every month for such Silver Comforts as these.

But here's the business ; the mother does not care for the Trouble of Suckling her Child her self, and therefore there must be a VVet-Nurse taken into the House, and the Devil's in that sort of Cattel. For then you shall have a Stuff-gut, a Stroy-good, a Spoil-all, a Tale-bearer, and what not. She must have the first cut of the meat from the Table ; she must have her Toast and Sack a mornings, and her Quarts of all Ale at Dinner and Supper, and between meals, there's nothing can rest i'the Cup-board for the VVorm in her greedy Gut. VVhat of all this ? as if a

Mo.

Mother could be too indulgent to her Foster-Sister, that supplies her stead. Good Liquor and often feeding breeds good Milk, and good Milk makes fat growing Children. D'ye think a Mother does not take more delight in calling her Child *Fat Fubbs*, than *Skeleton*? and do ye think it is not as great a pleasure for a Father to see his Child thrive, rather than prove a starveling? More than this, I must tell ye that in *Ireland* your Foster Sisters do not only suckle the Child but the Father too; and can there be a greater pleasure and advantage of Matrimony, than to derive from thence, by the Virtue of getting Children, the opportunity of enjoying a kind of Legal variety? For he's a Fool of a Foster-Brother that will not change his Foster-Sisters every Child, supposing his Affection to the Old one be worn out. Now is there any man so unconscionable as to believe that such a VVoman does not deserve good Victuals and good Drink that gives the Child and the Father suck both at one time? A' my word 'tis a great exhausting to Nature, and requires a large supply. And therefore let not these mumblers against Matrimony keep such a pudder about the Extravagances of the VVet-Nurse,—for what she consumes

ore

one way, she saves another ; for she keeps the good man from scaperloytring abroad, and spending his money among dirty drabbs. She's at hand upon all occasions ; and the Devil's in't, if a VVife and Nurse be not enough for one man. I confess you may meet with some of your wapping Nurses that are very Pockey ; but they are so Conscionable, that they will never let themselves be felt for fear of discovery ; by which means the Father escapes, tho' they send the Child to *Peg-Trantum's* in a small time ; which may be a great ease to a man sometimes, especially if his Wife come too fast.

But suppose the Child be put out to Nurse i'the Country ; then there must be Sope, and Candles, and Sugar, and four Shillings a Week, and the Devil and all. However by this means the Child is out of hearing ; some men cannot endure the bawling and yawling of Children, nor the wicked voices of Nurses Singing *Hopkins's* Tunes to still 'em : they had rather hear a noise of the City Musick behalfe over a Fish Dinner. But then there must be another expence, if the Mother be an indulgent Tender-hearted Mother ; there must be a journey by Water once a Week at least, to *Brainford*, or *Twitnam* ; or else i'the Stage-Coach

Coach to *Barnet* or *Croyden* : Well, and how does this affect Matrimony ?—— Children when they are Born, must be nurs'd—— And let me tell ye, a Water-man's Wife well drest, may be a good Dish for variety—— Here's Opportunity enough ; an Assignment at Nurseries, can never be suspected ; and when the pretence is so just, how can the Fact be unlawful ? Husband (cries the Wife) how serves the Tide to morrow ? for I intend to go and see how the Child does. Thus is she sure for so many Hours, and he scouts another way—— At another time, Wife (quo the Husband, I have little to do to morrow, I'll e'en take a walk and see how the Boy does : and then she lays hold of her Opportunity. And thus they both alternately participate of the pleasures of the fresh Air, and a fresh bit for their Cats ; and all this by reason the Child is put out to Nurse.

I have heard a Story of an Elder of his Congregation, one that had clamber'd to the top Pinnacle of Parish preferment, a Common-Council man's Fellow ; one that never Cheated, but in the Integrity of his Heart ; one with a Saint-like look, Peek-bearded, Sattin-cap'd, Diminutive-banded ; and when he drove a Bargain, one that look'd up to Heaven with his Hands

Hands upon his Breast in such a manner,
 that you might have seen his very Conscience
 in his Eyes. Yet this Good, Pious,
 Grave Citizen, upon an accidental step of
 his Wife into the Country, to see her
 young Bantling at Nurse, suffer'd his Maid
 to steal into his Wife's place, and by a
 surprize of the Devil, got her with Child.
 'Tis true, the good Man (for generally such
 Saints as these have luck) had an Ingeni-
 ous and dutiful Slip-string to his 'Prentice,
 that help'd him out at a dead list; or else
 who knows what a Family havock it might
 have produced. I leave you to judge the
 Afflictions, Terrors and Agonies that tor-
 mented this Senior of the Vestry, when
 he found the State of his Condition; in the
 midst of which he had no Friend to trust
 to, but his Honest, Vertuous, Young 'Pren-
 tice, but t'other day a Scaperloytring
 Hedge-bird, that never minded any Business;
 but now so reformed of a sudden, that it
 seem'd to be a Miracle. To him therefore
 he unfolds his Misery, because he knew the
 young man made no great profession of
 Godliness, as being one that used to lie
 out of his House a Nights, and play'd ma-
 ny other Pranks, with which Satan in-
 spires Youth, who readily like, an Arch
 Crack-rope as he was, apprehends his Ma-
 ster's

ter's meaning, and most dutifully pro-
 mises to father the Child, to provide a
 Nurse and hide it up in the Country.
 And now the *Cur-mudgeon* his Master's
 Stable and Horses are at his Com-
 mand. On the other side the young
 man, without the Constraint of an Indén-
 ture provides for the Lying-in, appears at
 the Christning, Junkets his Comrades,
 and brings in his Bills, which are not to
 be question'd. Now he might go out, lie
 out, ramble where he pleas'd; for he is
 still looking after the Child i'the Country,
 for the Nurse is order'd to ply him with
 Notes of what the Child lacks, which he
 still shew'd his Master in private, to put
 him in mind of his Mortality. And thus
 for two years together, that the Child
 liv'd, and another year after 'twas dead, did
 Father *Junior* live a most pleasant Life
 by his good management, to the great con-
 tent and Solace of his Master, to observe
 the discretion and fidelity of his young
 'Prentice, who by this means had his Ma-
 ster at his Beck, and a Nurse i'the Coun-
 try at his Command.

Thus you see it demonstrated, that a
 a Nurse in the Country may prove a great
 Refreshment to the Husband, and as great
 a Convenience to the Wife.

Well,

Well, but at length the Child comes home again; for the Child is not to Suck always, and then there must be a Dry Nurse found out; for the Child must be carried abroad, the Child must be shown: The Mother goes first, and the Nurse follows after, and so they walk their Rounds, till all their Acquaintance have had a sight of the Child. But these are but idle Exceptions against Matrimony ——— Every Woman thinks her own Off-spring the Fairest; and all people, especially the Female Sex, love to have their Children Bus'd and Dandl'd by Strangers. Who d' ye think was here to day? Cries one Woman to her Husband ——— I don't know, cries the Man. Why Mrs. *Such a one*, and she brought her Child along with her, a Lovely, Sweet Babe, indeed ——— and as fine as any Lord's Child ——— Other Men are kind to their Wives, and let them have what they will for their Children ——— Curs go like Chimney-Sweepers Bratts ——— But I'll turn over a new Leaf y'faith ——— I'll have our Children go as other Folks Children do, and not like the Scum of the Parish ——— Here's a great Pleasure of Matrimony, for a Man to see his Wife lay hold of good

Example. Some Women will never learn they are either so Sottish or so Niggardly. Nay, there are some Women of that temper, that they care not what becomes of their Children, let 'em go naked, if they will, for them, so they can get Money enough from their Husbands to trim and trick up themselves, to spend in Coach-Hire. Plays, and Junketting abroad, but take no more notice of their Children, than Catts of their Kittens, after they have Wean'd 'em : Hang such Wives, or send 'em to *Pensilvania*. A Score of them are not worth a Brass Shilling. But she that loves to see her Children as fine as her self, there's your woman that stands upon her reputation ; there's your true loving Mother. 'Tis a sign she loves to get Children. And what greater happiness to a Marry'd Man than to have such a Bed-fellow. Let the Man but find Gay Cloths, and she'll find Children, I warrant ye. What does it signifie for a Man to have delicate red Cheek'd Pippins, and no Body come to commend 'em ? That Woman is worth Gold, that loves to see her Children go fine ; for then she'll be sure to see 'em kept sweet and clean, for fear of staining their Gaudy Habilliments. All other Creatures come into the World with their Cloths upon their

their Backs; only Man is born naked, because so many Creatures are Created to Cloath him. And if Women and Children should not go fine, I wonder who should; for they are the chiefly beloved Objects of Man's Eye; and therefore the more Glorious, the more Attractive. As it is in Gardens, where the Embroidery of various Colours charms the sight; so is it no less a pleasure within doors, without doors, every where, to see Women and Children in their Flowr'd Sattins, and Silks of sundry Hews: They are the Lillies and Roses of the World, when they are fine and gay; but the Weeds and Rubbish of Society, when ragged and sluttish. What a fine Sight my Lord Mayor's Show would be, to see a Company of Nasty, Tatter'd Dunghill-Rakers sitting in the Pageants; but the sight of a Company of Children Spruc'd up, and Glittering in their Colours and Gaudy Tinsels, see how it fills all the Windows in the Streets; and Beholders croud far and near to gratifie their Eyes with the sight of those finify'd Apparitions. Batchellors are the greatest Slovens in the World, their Chambers lie like Hogsties; their Kitchens like Deserts, their Diet nothing but Cooks Meat, and a grea-

He Napkin to eat it upon, in a Room that stinks of Grease and Tabaco, and a Nasty Whore to attend him. But happy is the Man, that has Marry'd a Woman, that loves to see her Children go neat and trickie; she'll be sure to see her House kept clean, to have her Meat well drest, and her Bed smell of Rose-Cakes, and Lavender, and then a Man lives like a Lord.

As for Sicknes, and Meazles, and Small-Pox's, we have nothing to say to that; they are Accidents not to be avoided: Tho give me leave to tell ye, there is nothing more generally preserves Children from those Distempers, than their going fine, and being kept sweet and clean from stench and Nastiness. And so much for this Point.

XII. The

XII. *The Daughters grow up and want Portions, and what follows thereupon.*

BUt now we are down i' the Mouth again: Here are Children, I mean the worst of Children, Daughters, that live, and grow up, and expect Portions, and Portions must be had, or else you may keep your Daughter to your self. However, the least thing a Man can do, there must be Education, which goes a great way sometimes; and then besides, the Charge of the Boarding-School, there must be fine Cloths to quicken the Market, if nothing else. Fine Cloths, an Exquisite Voice, and a Swimming Marriage in Dancing, have many times bewitch'd many a young Gentleman——and many times a Man had better give a Thousand Pound for a well Educated, good Condition'd young Gentlewoman, than take a Wife with double the Portion——What says the young Man in *Terence*? VVell, I have received my Portion, but alas! I ha' sold my Superiority of a Husband for Money—Is it not therefore better for a Man to Marry a Handsome Girl, and a good Huswife, for little or nothing, than to squander and forfeit the Birthright of his Creation for a

Thousand Pound ? Besides, there are some Men will say more in a VWeek, than they'll do in a Year : They'll promise Mountains, and give Mole Hills. Now if a Father can so order his business, as to put off his Daughters for little or nothing ; that is to say, if a Man can put of his Piss-kitchens with fair VVords and Promises, I think that Man has all the Pleasures of Matrimony in a Hopp-Sack. He has had the pleasure of getting his Daughters, the pleasure of Gos-sips Feasts and Christ'nings, the pleasure of their Obedience and Attendance, the pleasure of seeing 'em grow up in Grace, Vertue, and Modesty ; and lastly, the Pleasure of bestowing 'em to his mind, and cheating a young Gentleman, at the easie rate of fair VVords and large Promises, tickling him up with the Name of Son, and Sundays Dinners, and Laughing at him in your Sleeve for the rest.

I knew an old *Hunks*, that was one of the Masters of his Parish, and had been one of his Company too ; one that had got an Estate as Tradesmen usually do, by downright Cheating. This Man had a Daughter that was indifferent Snout Fair, and it was not for him that had been an Industrious Man all his Life long, to keep an idle Baggage in his House after Sixteen. Now what

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pound, and so away they go to Church. But in what a sad condition is the young man, when the Father-in-Law comes with his abatements———Either his Scrivener is broke and run away with his Money into the *Fleet*———or else it lies in a Parliament man's hands, and he knows not how to sue him; however in kindness to his Daughter he'll strain hard for three hundred pounds, and so the young Man is forc'd to take home his bad Market; only he has the good hap to have a Father-in-Law that has good acquaintance; and if the worst comes to the worst, he'll procure him a Factors place in the *East-Indies*; in consideration of which he causes him to settle what he has upon his Wife, and so sends him packing. Let him die there if he pleases, his Daughter's ready for another with advantage, and now let her shift for her self——Now where's the Inconvenience of Matrimony, for a man to be rid of his Trouble-Houses, at the Expence of a few fine Cloths, and a slight Boarding-School-Breeding? And indeed if you consider the Conveniences of good Education, there is nothing more to be valued than that; let her be foul or fair, if she be well Educated, that's enough. A thousand pound! What's a thousand pound?

pound ? 'Tis spent in a Break-fast, or Gam'd away in one Night ; but no man can Game away his Wives Education. Her skill in seasoning a Venison Pasty, is really to be valu'd at two hundred pound at least ; her art in Raising a Turkey or a Goose-pye, is clearly to be reckon'd at the rate of three hundred pound ; her knowledge in Marketing, is worth two hundred pound more ; and her skill in preserving, and making Plumm Cakes, and Dr. Stevens's water, is worth at least five hundred pounds more. And there's as good as twelve hundred pounds of the Kings best Coin in *England*. Portions make Men bad Husbands, and Women proud Wives, and ruin more than they raise : He that chooses a Wife for the Portions sake, buys a Concubine, does not Marry a Wife. If it be a grievance of Matrimony, that a Man is not able to bestow a Portion upon his Daughter, 'tis a greater Discomfort to him, to see his Daughter return'd upon his Hands like a *Birmingham*-Groat, after the Consumption of his utmost Exhibition ; which if he had never had to part withal, he had never been liable to that Discomfort. Neither is it safe always to divulge what a Man intends to give with his Daughter, for if that be once spread abroad,

'tis ten thousand pounds to a Nut-shell; but there comes one smooth-chinn'd *Slip-string* or other, and makes a *Pye-Corner* ensurance of his Affection upon her Belly. She is betray'd by this Mid-wife, and t'other Nurse, or another old Beldam Conveigher of *Billet-doux's*, and all her Fathers carking and caring squander'd away upon a scape-goat of an Attorney's Clerk; or Coach'd away in a Moon-shine Night, from a Boarding-School, by a young Squire of seven hundred a year in *No-land*. We have heard of some too that have been Courted upon the report of being Heiresses, to that Condescension as to suffer themselves to be let down from their Guardians Garret Window in a Dust Basket, as if they were making their Escapes for Felony; then away to a Bed and a clean pair of Sheets, and so home again by Five a Clock i'the Morning, before any body's up, but the dear Conspiratress that sits up to let her in.

But if a Man have but hopeful Children, there's no fear of these Miscarriages. There are a sort of Hopeful Children as they call 'em, such as they who have them, enjoy the greatest blessing of Matrimony imaginable, for many times they can shift for themselves without Portions.

Such.

Such as can swim in the World without the Bladders of Dowries and Annuities. These are Sons and Daughters, that being sensible of the Inability of their Parents, can find a way to the Wood of themselves. I have heard of a Gentleman iⁿ the Country, that had no less than Eight hopeful Daughters in a cluster; and what did he do with 'em? Why finding 'em all to be hopeful, he sent 'em all to *London*, and there was not one but shifted for her self. Now what was this Gentleman the worse for his Eight Daughters, or Matrimony that produc'd 'em. Don't you know there is an Office of Intelligence in the Town? Certainly this Office was devis'd by such as had no Portions to give with their Daughters. For Ladies must have waiting Women, and those waiting women will have the Chaplains in spite of their Teeth: And therefore do but set up your Daughter with a good Suit of Cloths at first, and if she be but hopeful, I'll warrant ye, you hear no more of her. Which must of necessity be a great Comfort to their Parents. For the Recreation and Pleasure for a Man to see the Ingenuity of his *hopeful* Children, in shifting for themselves is assuredly as great, as to stand upon the Foyle, and see a Hare dance and double before the Hounds. Such

Such *hopeful* Daughters as these we speak of, were the *Cyprian* Virgins of old, that waited at the Sea-side for Strangers, and permitted them the use of their Bodies, till they had got Money enough to Marry 'em honestly. For if Daughters will have Portions where they cannot be had, they must fetch 'em out of the Fire. An old Fox thinks he has given his young Cubbs Portion enough, when he has taught 'em to shist in the World : At first he provides Lambs and Chicken for 'em ; but when once they come to be at Age of discretion, he thinks it enough that he has begot 'em VVit and Parts, and leaves 'em to progg for themselves. How many wealthy Citizens have we had, that came to Town without Portions, in their Blue Breeches and Leather Doublets, arriv'd at great Estates, and then hang up their Leather Doublets and Blue Breeches, as Trophies of their Industry ? Portions are the bane of Children ; they make the young Men lazy, the young VVomen haughty, and both improvident ; so that when they come to have a deep Bagg, that was none of their own getting ; Heaven knows, they think it has no bottom : and what becomes of 'em then ? VVhy, the VVomen turn up an Ace Trump, and so play out their Game ;

Game; and the Men provide themselves of Stone Doubles, that last as long as they live. 'Tis want of Portions that advances Ingenuity, teaches Parrots to speak, and Spaniels to set Partridges. A Mark a year well employ'd, is enough for a VVoman; and for the Men, the VVorld is wide enough.

XIII. *The Woman Cuckolds her Husband.*

THAT is many an Honest man's Fortune; and what befalls Honest men, ought never to be a discomfort to any Body. Is there any way to prevent it? call *Oliver's Act* to your Assistance; if the VVoman's Friend do but hang his Hat upon the Key-hole, he's as safe as a Thief in a Mill. Give me leave to tell ye a VVoman that never lay with a Man but her own Husband might set up for one of the most wealthy Empresses in the world. Thus we read in a Story of a certain King of *Egypt* whose name was *Phero*; who was stricken blind, and so continued for several years. At length he sent to consult the Oracle of some Heathen Deity or other, what he should do in the miserable condition he was in; by which he was answered, that if he washed his

his Eyes with a Womans water, that never had known any man but her own Husband, he should recover his sight. You may be sure such a Prince as he, would spare for no cost, nor to make any search that might tend to his Relief. However as 'twas but reason, he try'd his own Wife first: But alas her water would do no feats. How many several varieties of waters he afterwards try'd, the Lord of *Oxford* knows; but certain it is, the number was infinite. At length, when he was almost in despair, he met with one Woman's water that did his job. So soon as he was recover'd and well; he caus'd all the Women whose water he had experimented in vain, to be herded together, and enclosed in one great City (by which you may guess there were a swinging cluster of 'em) and there caus'd 'em to be burnt all together City and all; and then took the Woman that had Cur'd him, as a Jewel only fit for a Prince; to his own Bed.

What then is universal can never be a sure cause of discontent, since 'tis one man's Fortune as well as anothers. Besides, if the Natural Philosophers speak true, and they should understand the secrets of Nature, Women are much more prone to Amorous desires than Men. Nature it self
has

has so order'd it. How then can we think weak Women should be able to resist the violences and Impulses of Nature. Love will enter Nunneries, much more the Habitations of those Women that have tasted the Sweets of Amorous delights. Had she been chaste, *Lucretia* had never stabb'd her self; 'twas a sign she had committed the Act, tho' afterwards she took a pet at her self for having done it; for to talk of Ravishing is a folly. On the other side let Women be never so Chaste, men will be shewing bad Examples; they will be busying their Chamber-maids; they will be debauching their Neighbours the Bed-fellows, and what better precedents can Women follow, than those of their Husbands. Nay some men are so simple to let other Men lie with their own Wives, and yet their own Wives shall know nothing of the matter.

There was a certain Gentleman, who had been for some years Marry'd to a very Vertuous VVife; but notwithstanding all her Vertue, he had more mind to his Maid; and to that purpose he resolv'd to make his Addresses to her. Now this Gentleman had a Friend in the same Parish, one of his own Complexion, but younger, between whom there was such an extraordinary Intimacy that they shar'd in all things equally

equally but their VVives. To him therefore the Gentleman declares the design he had upon his Maid; who not only encourag'd him, but promis'd him the utmost of his assistance, in hopes to have a share of the Booty. However the Maid was so coy, that being press'd with her Masters Importunities, she went and told her Mistress. The VVife glad of the opportunity, bid the Maid be patient a little longer, order'd her to comply with her Master by degrees and at length to appoint him her Bed-chamber such a Night. This the Chamber-maid did, at which her Master was so overjoy'd, that he ran to tell his Friend what a Feast he was to have such a Night: who only desir'd him that he might have his leavings. The hour being come, the Master sail'd not to be with his Maid as he thought, but his VVife had supply'd his Room, and receiv'd him not as a Marry'd VVoman, but with the firtings and strugglings of an ignorant Virgin, and so carry'd her self, that her Husband never perceiv'd her. At length having done as much as he could, gets up, and hastes to his Companion to tell him how valiantly he had behav'd himself. Upon which his Friend minded him of his promise. Go then quickly, cry'd the Master, for fear the rise of

of her self, or my Wife call her. Away runs the Friend a Gallop, and into Bed he flings himself and to work goes he with his Friends Wife, who thinking her Husband had been return'd with a new supply, suffer'd the Friend to do what he pleas'd; however she wonder'd at her Husbands Vigour, not having been accustomed to such Night-work. At length after the Friend had stay'd as long as he durst, the Friend slips of the Womans Thumb Ring in a Frolick; which she was the more willing to let go, believing it would rise up in Judgment against her Husband. Soon after the two Intimado's met again to make repetition of their past joys; but then it was that the Maids Master discovering his Wives Ring upon his Friends Finger, cry'd out like a Man distracted, in the name of all the Devils in Hell, what have I done? I have e'en made a Cuckold of my self; however 'twas my Friend (quo he) and there's a Proverb or two to help me out at a dead lift, *Harm watch, harm catch.*

Thus the Woman was acquitted as innocent; but the Husband was pointed at for a Cuckold to his dying day. Here's a Woman made her Husband a Cuckold, yet no man could say black was her Eye. So that 'tis not a Woman's making her Husband

band a Cuckold, is the Matter so much, but the letting it take Air when 'tis done. Had the Friend medled only with the Ring which the Husband lent him, and never taken the Ring of Gold, the Cuckolding had past without Discovery, and there had been no harm done.

'Tis the pointing prating, World that makes the Cuckold, the Woman does but lie with another Man. The Son complained to his Father-in-Law of a Discovery he had made of his Wife. Well———and what could the Father say? Why he desired the Mother to take her Daughter to task in private, and give her a Juniper Lecture. She does so, and the Father and Son stood behind the Hangings and heard all. Fie Daughter———quo the Mother; I had thought you had had more Discretion at these years———doe such a thing and be discovered! Fie upon't———where was your VVit? where were your Brains? I have been Married to your Father this thirty years and upwards, and have had many a private Friend in a Corner, and yet your Father can't say black's my Eye. Thus you see 'twas not the VVoman's making her Husband a Cuckold, but her being discovered, that had like to have spoiled all.

I do not read of any Reason this VVo-
man had to make her Husband a Cuckold,
but only she had it by Inheritance. But as
for the greatest part of Women there is not
one of a Thousand that will not give a Reason
for making their Husbands Cuck-
olds.

Sometimes they will alledge the Jealousie
and Suspicion of their Husbands; for no-
thing Exasperates a Woman more than Dis-
trust; as if she had not Discretion enough
to govern herself, without setting Guards
and Spies and Governantees over her, to
watch and observe her Behaviour. This
occasioned the young Gentleman, who
was no Town Fop, but a Person that knew
all the Tricks of the World, and had been a
great Practitioner himself in Love Intrea-
gues, to keep such a strict guard over his Wife.

This Gentleman putting on his Consi-
dering Cap, marry I must, quo he, for the
support of my Name. But how shall we
do to weather this cursed Cuckolds Point?

—— I that have made so many Cuckolds
to be now cornuted at last! —— hang't let
the Family Perish —— I won't marry. ——
and yet I must marry, for I want a Porti-
on to redeem a part of my Estate —— as
good at first as at last —— if there be no
Remedy, 'tis not my Fate alone. After
these

these Consultations with himself, and Resolutions taken——away he goes, picks and chooses, and at length finds one as he thought to his mind, Rich, Handsome and Witty. After they were married home he brings her, and recommends her to the Care of an Old Nurse he had, and gives her such a strict Charge of his young Wife that she could not stir to piss, but the old Beldam was at her Heels. This severity the young Lady stomached, finding her self not Mistress of her own House, which made her yield at length to the Courtship of a young Gentleman, a Friend of her Husbands, that usually frequented the House, and one as well read in Loves Tackticks as her Husband; but how to compass the opportunity of Enjoyment was now the main study. Many Contrivances the young Lover projected, but all failed, by reason the Governante watched them so narrowly. But at last one hit. He had a Friend, a Mercer, in the Street through which the Lady was to pass to Church; and it was so ordered, that one Fore-noon as she was going to her Devotion, a pail of VVater was thrown out of the Mercer's Balcony seemingly by chance, that fell so unluckily luckily that the poor young Lady was washed from head to foot. VVhat should she do? There was

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was no way but one. Nurse, quo she, I am all over wet to the Skin; I'll e'en step into this Gentleman's House, while you step home and fetch me some other Cloths to shift me.

Away goes Nurse, and the Lady is carried up stairs, where she found a good Fire, and her Friend ready to Carefs her. The young Lover knew he had no time to lose, and therefore without giving her time to undress, he threw her upon the Bed close by the Fire, and performs his duty. In the mean time, the Old Nurse, being got home, and making a noise in the Chamber, the young Ladies Husband comes up, and finding his Governante alone, How now Nurse, (quo he) what makes you here? Where's my Wife? Thereupon she told her Master what had befallen her Mistress, and how she was come for new Garments to shift her. Oh the kind Devil, (quo the Gentleman) has he nick'd me so i'faith? This is a Trick that I never wrote down in my Table Book: there was but this one Trick but I knew 'em all. I am finely brought to Bed; there needs but one cursed hour to make a Man a Cuckold, and thou hast hit upon't.

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Now this Woman had reason to do as she did. For what Woman, think ye, can endure to be Snubb'd, and Snibb'd, and Curb'd, Watch'd, and Warded, and Tyranniz'd over by a Husband, as if she had forfeited her Liberty with the loss of her Virginity? You shall never make Women believe, that Wedlock was made to enslave 'em; give 'em their Freedom, and you may win their Souls: But if you Check 'em and Curb 'em, they presently send for Legions of Devils to their Assistance, and you raise all Hell about your Ears.

The next reason that Women alledge for Cornuting their Husbands is Revenge. Revenge is sweeter than Muskadine and Eggs, and all Women love sweet things. Women are not so Illiterate, but that they understand the Laws of Distributive Justice, and can tell ye, that what is Sawse for the Gander, is Sawse for the Goose. If they find themselves neglected, and slighted by a Surly Morose Husband at home, they think it but reason to accept the Caresses of a Loving and Obsequious Gallant abroad. Nor do they believe it the Intention of Matrimony, that they should lie alone. Besides, Women are generally conceited of their Birth, their Education, Parts, and Beauty: And therefore, if they find their
Husbands

Husbands run a Catterwawling after Misses less Amiable, or less Witty than themselves, it presently turns their Love into Fury, and they presently seek a Revenge answerable to the Affront they have receiv'd. Besides, Women read Novels and Stories, and they furnish 'em with Examples and Presidents without number. One among the rest shall suffice of a *French Gentleman* that liv'd at Court in high Favour with his Prince; and indeed in that great esteem, that tho the Gentleman were poor, the King found out a Match for him, and Marry'd him to an Heiress very Young, Transcendently Beautiful, and so vastly Rich, that she had enough to maintain both her self and him too, in a Port equal to the best of his Rank. At first, this Young Lady doated on her new Husband, and lov'd him with an entire Affection. But the Gentleman being Infatuated with the Allurements of an Elderly Court-Lady, stuck so close to his stale Mistress, that he abandon'd the Society of his Young and Lovely Wife, and would never come near her. Nevertheless this would not withdraw the young Ladies affection from her Husband; but still she continu'd for several Years labouring with all the Complacency and Indulgence imaginable to gain her Husband's Love, but nothing would

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prevail.

prevail. What did the young Lady do then? Why, at length when she saw her Beauty and her Affection Scorn'd, Despis'd, and Slighted, and that there was no Remedy but she must lie alone as long as her Husband liv'd, she e'en Courted another young Gentleman herself, and besought him to have pity upon her Condition; who finding her so lovely and so youthful as she was, could not find in his heart to be stiff-neck'd as her Husband, but glad of the Opportunity, readily supply'd his place. When this came to her Husbands ear, he would fain have been Friends with her, but then she disdain'd him as much as he had scorn'd her before. No (quo she) *Quit for Quo* is the Law of the *Medes* and *Persians*. You your self have been the Author of your own and my misfortune; you your self have given the Example; an Example that has far out gone me in this, that what you have done has been ungratefully acted both toward the King and my self, without either Honour or Conscience: Those Laws that throw so much dishonour upon Women that live with other Men besides their Husbands, do not exempt those Husbands that live with other Mens Wives; and so saying, she flung away from him without vouchsafing to hear his Reply.

Can

Can any Man deny but that this Lady had both Reason and Justice on her side? And therefore if men will sacrifice themselves to Cuckoldship, who can help it? For Women are sooner overcome by Anger and Revenge, than by Love and Courtship.

But there are another sort of Women, as well piously as voluptuously given, that love to make their Husbands Cuckolds on purpose that they may send 'em to Heaven. Now this is a charitable consideration surmounting all the rest; for they find their Husbands very Wicked, Tavern-hunters, Gamesters; nay and sometimes coming home by Cod-peice weeping-cross, the Effects of Suburb-finning. They use all means to reclaim 'em, give 'em all the good Exhortations imaginable——Fie Husband this will never do——you impair your Estate, you weaken your Body——but more than all this, what think you will become of your Soul?——But the poor Women preach to deaf Images——there is no heed given to their word——and therefore; Compassionate Wives, as they are, they commute the wicked Husbands in this World, to make 'em happy in the other. Tho' to say truth this may be rather said to be gratitude than charity in the Women to send their Husbands

to Heaven by *Cornutement*, considering how kind the Men are, in deflowring Virgins, to prevent their leading Apes in Hell. But let it be Charity, or Gratitude, or what it will, the presence can never be bad that sends Men to Heaven. And therefore this was the Reason, that the Country-man coming home and finding the Curate of the Parish a Bed with his Wife, never said a word either to the one or the other ; for thought he, a Curate's Cuckold can never want absolution of his Sins.

Sometimes it happens that the Man provokes his Friend to make him a Cuckold, whether he will or no. As it fell out between two Friends that had made a perpetual vow of Friendship one with another, One of these Friends chanced to Marry a handsome Wife : And had he not been a Jealous Cuckow-brains, he and his Wife and his Friend might have liv'd happily, for ought I know till Death. But Such was his misfortune, that in a short time after he was Wedlock'd, he grew into a violent mistrust of his Friend. Of which his Friend being informed by the Lady, Companion of mine (said he) to the Husband, I hear you entertain fears and jealousies of my Familiarity with your Wife; Certainly you have but an ill Opinion

pinion of my Friendship, to think that I would dissolve that Unity, which has so long continued between us, for the Love of a Woman. Not he by his Soul, he never had any such Thought; and therefore they were wicked Lyers that told him so. His Friend was satisfy'd for that Time; but not long after he heard the same Nightingale sing him the same Note, which put him into such a Fury, that after he had reproach'd his Friend for his breach of that vow'd Friendship that was between 'em, he left his House indeed, but never left laying close Siege to his Wife, till he had cornuted his Companion according to his desert.

By this Men may learn to grow wary how they unjustly suspect their Wives; for there cannot be a greater displeasure to a Man or Woman, than to be suspected without a Cause; and therefore if a Man will be Cornuted, let him be Cornuted. Questionless such Men have read the Fables of the Gods, and finding that *Jupiter* wore Horns, when he Court'd *Europa*, and that *Pan* wore Horns when he Court'd the Nymph *Syrinx*, believe it no disgrace to wear Horns, and then there's no harm done, nor can Matrimony undergo any Scandal thereby.

But then again, suppose it be the Fashion; There's no man cares to be out of the Fashion: and therefore he has no reason to be Discontented at it. If it be the Fashion to wear Horns, why should they not be worn as well as Hats? Why should a man grieve and torment his mind for being in the Fashion? Rather let him consider that it has been a Custom and a Law so made by prescription of near four thousand years, and comfort himself that he has the same Law, the same Custom, and the same Reason which the Women have.

XIV. *The Wife falls Sick.*

WELL, and what then, is she like to die? No, no, Heaven knows there's no such good News at hand; 'tis a lingering Disease has seiz'd her, that is like to cost him in Doctors and Apothecaries more than her Neck's worth. Why look ye now! what sad Creatures these Men are? their Wives no sooner fall ill, but they forget their Matrimonial Contract, which is to keep the Woman as well in Sicknes as in Health. But what shall the Man do? in the mean time he wants a Bedfellow—— He's Marry'd, and the Comfort of Wedlock

lock is no longer fit for service. What greater Comfort can a Man have? is not his Wife laid up safe? and is not the Maid at liberty, and lusty? Do not her Neighbours come to visit her? Sure they are not all so unmerciful as to deny a poor Man, upon such an Emergent Necessity as this. Neighbours d'ye call 'em! alas a day, they are all a company of rattling Husbands; they all take pity of the Woman, none of the Man. They only come to find fault and carry Tales about the Parish. Fie——Neighbour (cries one) in what a Condition do you lie? I would scorn to let my Dog lie as you do. What Attendance you have? —is this your Nurse? ——Alas poor Creature, you should have a knowing able Nurse that understands the Doctors directions, one that knows what belongs to a Woman under your Circumstances; one that is able to turn you in your Bed; for you are not able to help your self in this Condition——This Woman will be cast away, (cries another) merely for want of looking after. What d'ye eat? what d'ye drink Neighbour? (cries another) ——Fie, fie——I would not give my Cat such Water-Gruel as this——you should have Restorative things made ye to comfort your Spirits——

Presently in comes another——How is't Neighbour? I saw your Husband going into the *Globe Tavern*, as I came along.—there was three or four of his Pot Companions with him——I warrant ye they are going to taste your Funeral Wine——one would think, he had enough to do at home now his poor Wife lies Sick——Then the Children are pity'd——alas poor Children, they'l want a good Mother (cries one)——Ay that they will, I'm sure (cries another)——she has been an Indulgent careful Mother, all the Parish knows——but they'll find an Alteration, the next that comes——we shall see some fine taudry Flipperfie Minx or other within a quarter of a year, that will turn these poor Children all out of doors——but perhaps the next may pay him in his own Coin for his ill usage of this. By and by in comes the Doctor with the Master of the House at his Heels. Doctor (cries one) what d'ye think of my Neighbour, will she scape it or no? Doctor (quo she) may not my Neighbour drink a Pint of mull'd Sack now and then? I knew an Acquaintance of mine, that was Cur'd of a Timpany with Drinking mull'd Sack; it warm the Bowels, and sends out the Cold, watry Humour. To all which the Doctor

Doctor says not a word, but having Scribbled a Quarter of a Sheet of paper, Here (quo he) let her take this Bolus about Eight a Clock at Night, and half an Hour after, four Spoonfulls of this Cordial——I hope she may do well, for all this. And so having taken his Fee, away marches he; The Nurse is order'd to light the Doctor down Stairs, for fear of loosing the Husband. But when they have the poor man alone, Heavens ! how they tease him ? one finds fault with this, another with that ; one finds fault with the Doctor, says he's a Mountebank, and tells how many she has known that have miscarry'd under his Hand——Another cries, he must have Doctor *Such a one* ; another Doctor *Such a one*, if he tender his Wive's Life. And thus the Man's har'd and worry'd by a Company of Quistrils, when he does all that lies in his power. For he's neither Doctor nor Potheccary, nor Quack nor Astrologer ; and if his Wife will eat Green Quodlings and Market Trash, and kill herself, how can he help it ?

What does all this Twittle Twattle signify to the Disquiet of Matrimony, no man Marry's Angels, or makes an Assurance upon his Wife's Life ? If she dies quickly, 'tis a Blessing ; for then a Man

has the wide World before him again ; and Wooes a second time with Experience. If she lie long in a languishing Condition, 'tis no more than what is incident to frail Mortality, and as it may be rationally expected, must not be counted a Grievance when it comes. And for the cost of Doctors and Potheccaries, believe me 'tis not a Farthing matter whether he be at that expence or no. For what do all their slip-slaps avail ? The best way is to let Nature work ; she's the best Physician, she's best able to encounter the Disease, for she knows where it lies, which is more than all the Physicians iⁿ the City do, otherwise than by Guess. Nay 'tis so far from shewing a man's self ill-natur'd to his Wife, to have a croud of Recipe-Merchants about her, that if he were to kill his VVife for a wager, there's no better way for him than to hire a Regiment of Druggsters to kill her with *Bolus's*.

But you'll say she only Counterfeits Sickness and feigns Distempers, a purpose to be coax'd and humour'd : and then there must be a Nurse and a Fire in her Chamber all day and all Night ; there must be Gelly Broths and costly Caudles : if she want a Partridge or a Plover, a Wood-cock, or a Quail, or any such kind of Toy, she must

must have it, and the Nurse must go halves; besides what she pilfers in Sugar and Plumbs, and all this empties the poor Man's Pocket.

VVhy, look you now, 'tis an even wager, that this is some clutch-fisted Pinchpenny or other, whom the VVoman has no other way to chouse, but this, when she has a mind to refresh her self with some Delicacies more than Ordinary. And then 'tis no more than he deserves; for she that has a generous Husband that loves to see a well spread Table, never need to be put to these petty shifts. 'Tis a sign she's honest, and believe me, that's a great pleasure of Matrimony; for had she a mind to take up a Stone with her Ear, she might have a now of those Dainties at the Tavern every day, without asking her Husband, or putting her self to the trouble of mocking Mortality.

'Tis sometimes a piece of pomp for a VVoman to mure her self up in her Chamber, and pretend to take Physick, and have her Men Midwives about her to talk Smutty for an hour or two. Sometimes there may be a design in it, and the Husband see's the Gentleman she shuts her self up for go up in the shape of a Doctor; but if he ask what his VVife Ails, he shall never know.

know her true Dissemper unless he can find it out by Necromancy. For upon such occasions as these Women have the same Liberty as Politicians, to Counterfeit Diseases when they find it necessary: And to eat strong Meats, as Beef, and Mutton, when they say they are Sick, would spoil the Plot: No, Partridge and young Chicken are more suitable. I think it ought to be a great pleasure to a Man, that can content his Wife at so cheap a rate. But where's the Money all this while? Money? Why there are a thousand Shifts and Tricks to get Money; and he's a pitiful, Brainless Fellow, that has not two or three of those Thousand. I knew a Man that was a necessary Implement to some Persons that liv'd by their Wits; these people drank at the Tavern, kept their Consultations at the Tavern, and went out and came in again, two or three times in a day. What does the Captain do but every new Reckoning, he goes to the Barr, scores up a Quart of Wine, and sends it away with a new Roll to his Wife. Some Men would never have thought of this way, or perhaps, never have had the Confidence to have done it. But this shews us, there are ways in the World, if Men will but set their Wits at work.

To

To conclude, Sickness brings a Woman sometimes to Confession; nay, to such a Confession, as brings the Husband both Joy, Consolation, and Pleasure, all at a time. For there was an Indulgent Husband, and questionless, he was not the only Husband in the World that ever had the same good fortune befall him; for what has once been done, may have been done before, and may be done again: I say there was a certain Indulgent Husband, who had a Wife, who partly by the Vales which her Husband allow'd her out of his Trade, partly by the good Management of her Market Expences, and other private Savings, had muster'd together the Laudable Sum of Three Hundred Pound, which she secur'd against a Rainy day, where she resolv'd her Husband should never have the tingering of it. The Husband did not wave his Affection because his Wife was sick; but carry'd her to *Epsom*, and did all he could to recover her: But still for a time she grew worse and worse, and thought she should die. Now whether it were that her Husband's Kindness won her Heart, or whether it were any Needle of Death that prickt her Conscience, we will not determine; but so it was, that in the Agony of one of her *Memento Mori's*, she call'd her Husband,

Husband, and told him that she had something lay heavy upon her Conscience: No wonder marry, for Three Hundred Pound in Silver, is no such easie burthen, for a Sick and Weak Conscience, tho it had been the Conscience of a Wine-Porter in her Condition. She told her Husband, I say, that she had a mind to lie quiet in her Grave, and not to be forc'd to walk after she was Dead, as she had heard many had been constrain'd to jaunt it from one World to the other i' their Winding-Sheets, to discover hidden Treasure; and therefore, she resolv'd to prevent that Inconvenience: With that she made him privy to the Concealment of no less than Three Hundred Pound, which had he Dy'd before her, she intended to have made use of her self: but since Heaven had otherwise dispos'd of her, she desir'd him to make good use of it, only to spare her a small Monument out of it, which as it would continue her Memory, would be an Ornament also to the Church.

The Husband was not a little overjoy'd at these Blessed Tydings; away he goes, finds out the Nest, and with the same eagerness as a Vulture stoops to his Prey, laid violent hands upon the Money, returning a Thousand Thanks to his Wife's Sicknels, that

that had nipp'd out of her Conscience so rich a Discovery. Had this Woman dy'd at that time, she might have gone to Heaven as light as a Feather ; but she recovered, and let her take a care her Worldly Wisdom do not hang a Clog at her Heels the next time. However, the Husband had the pleasure of handling the Money, and he cry'd, Well fare a Sick Wife. And I dare be bold to say, had other Men the same good fortune, they would never complain of Sick Wives. If they do, may their Wives die rich, and haunt 'em when they are Dead.

XV. The Man falls Sick, and Dies : Upon which, the Woman sets up for a Widow, pricking out our self to the best advantage, to get her another Husband.

BUT now the Tide is turn'd ; the Man lies sick a Bed, and the Wife is up, and Lusty. Now the Question is, Whether a Man at such a time as this would rather choose to have a Loving, Compassionate, Honing, Bemoaning Wife ; or, a Careless, Negligent, Hoity-toity. There is much to be said in this case ; tho if Tully were alive again, to Write another Book *de Senectute*, he could never make it out, that

that an Old Man could be any pleasure to a Woman. All Men condemn Hypocritie in one another : And why should it not be blam'd in Women as well ? You read how the *Ephesian Matron* Wept, and Whin'd, and Pin'd, and Fasted, and Mourn'd over her Dead Husband ; and yet after all, she lent his Body to the Souldier that had Solac'd her in the height of her Sorrows, to hang up in the Room of an Executed Offender, to save her new Paramour from being Nail'd up in his place. Was not this a Cursed Hypocrite of a Woman d' ye think ? Had she not better have wash'd away grief from her heart ; and concluded her Lamentations with a few Tears dropt over a Bowl of Punch ? Your Hypocrite Wife seems a Woman Loving, Dutiful, Indulgent, always Lamenting her Husband's Departure, always Wringing her Hands, Grieving, Sighing, Weeping, Blubbering, Sobbing, and crying out, VVhat shall poor I do ? VVhat shall these poor Orphans do, if God take thee away, my only Joy, their only Comfort and Support in this Life ? And then they all fall a howling, tho there be a Baker's Dozen of 'em, like so many young Puppies shut out of Doors in a Frosty Night.

These

These Fondnesses strike so piercingly to his heart that the Gout and Stone are but the Stings of a Flea to the Agonies of his mind, to think he must leave such a dear VVife. These are but the Lullables of *Satan*, that rock him a-sleep in the Cradle of Affliction, into a Carelessness of his future Being, and cause such a Dissipation of his Heavenly Thoughts, that the poor besotted Sinner pours down all the Caudles, and Amber-Grease Possets, that his kind Wife can bring him; swallows whole Ounces at a time of Syrupe of Marsh-Mallows, and Oil of Sweet Almonds to prolong his Aches and his Misery. Dispatches away his Billetsto Church for the Prayers of the Congregation—sends for the Parson of the Parish to read him the Story of *Hezekiah*; sends for the Doctor, and with a faint voice, cries to him, *Is there no Cure?* Have all the Druggs and Herbs lost their Virtue?

Then the Wife taking her cue; For Heavens sake Doctor (quo she) do what lies in your Power——my self and these poor Orphans shall be bound to pray for you, as long as we live.——Never had Woman a more kind and tender Husband——Never had Children a more careful
and

and Indulgent Father, I'm sure——Then 'tis the man's turn——Ay—Wife——indeed thou hast been always to me a dear and loving Wife—and my Children, I bless God for't, have been always dutiful and obedient Children, and I would fain live a little longer methinks to see 'em grow up, and well dispos'd of in the World, if the *Land* saw it fit. And thus these Dialogues of Lamentation, do so mollifie the Sick man's Heart, that Death at length, surprizes him altogether unrepentant.

The other is a Woman that never comes near him, never takes any care of him; but cries among her Gossips, would the old Rogues Heart were cold, I'd quickly have another——This Woman is a Woman of the old World——she speaks as she thinks——If plain Dealing be a Jewel, you may be sure she is one. She never comes at him; and why is that? because she would give him all the Opportunity she can to Employ his thoughts in Heavenly and Seasonable Meditations. She knows that Misery and Sicknes many times carry a Man to Heaven, when Health and Prosperity makes him neglect the care of his Souls Health. But she will neither come at him her self, nor let any Body else. She does wisely, let him lie there and Groan
by

by himself—Pain brings him to Meditation, and Meditation prepares him to make his peace with Heaven. 'Tis the Fashion of the World, when Men are departing this Life, to leave them to themselves. How many people had *William* the Conqueror with him, when he lay speechless? How many had the Emperor *Charles* the V. when he lay a dying? And indeed is it not better for a Man to die quietly, taking time and solitary Leisure, than to be pester'd with continual Visits; and to have his Family *Lombelling* over the panting Bellows of his Life, detracting him with their their Yelling and Howling, when he is going to Sleep.

Let all the Women in the World say what they please, there's none of 'em shall perswade any Man of Reason, that it can be a pleasure to any Woman to lie by a Man that will never let her take her rest, for Coughing, Spitting, Spawling, Groaning, Grunting, and withal perfuming her Nostrils with the poysonous steams of a Charnel-house Breath.

Most gentelely therefore did the Gentlewoman do, who when she saw her Husband lay a dying, beyond all Recovery of Drops and Spirits of *Bezoar*, and that the Doctors had given him over, and that as
the

the old Nurses Phrase it, he began to change, taking a Glass of Wine off the Side-board; *Here, Sweet-heart,* (quo she) *here's to ye I wish ye a good passage.* Certainly it shew'd this Gentlewoman had no Malice in her Heart, when she desir'd to part so fairly.

And who knows what reason the Baker's Wife might have for what she did, who when her Husband was dead; sent for the Sexton, and ask'd him how deep he usually digg'd his Graves? So deep (reply'd the Sexton) then (quo she) make my Husbands Grave so many Foot deeper; and then shewing him a hugeous Timber Logg that she had in the House; be sure (quo sh.) you lay this Timber Logg upon his Coffin, and ram in the Earth as hard as you can after it. Perhaps, when he was alive, he was wont to rise the wrong way in his sleep, and his Wife was resolv'd to prevent his rising after he was dead. 'Tis a hundred pound to a Red-Herring, if this were not the Reason, she had some other as good or better.

But when the Husband is dead, what then? Why then the Widow must be allow'd to keep her Chamber, darken her Room, and keep out the very Sun, as having got an ill Name for being a *Tell-Tale*; she must admit none but her most trusty Friends, who
come

come to chear up her heart with Sack and Sugar, and tickle her Fancy with Proposals of a new Choice ; but if any Stranger come in, then she must sit with a Compos'd Countenance, and as mute as if her Husband had taken her Tongue along with him. Then she must put her self into decent Mourning, wear a Peak, vow and protest she'll never marry agen, and then give out——give out ? you'll say, what's that ? so much in Jewels, so much in Plate, so much in ready Cash, and so much in good Debts——that's call'd *giving out*. If she be a person of Quality, then the Body must lie in State, and four or five *Mompazzards*, or *Jack-hold-my-Staff's* must stand in their Long Sable Cloaks to watch, lest the Devil fetch away poor *Mortuus est* before they can Bury him. Then let there be a pompous Funeral with Scutcheons, and then she shall bear the Appellation of the RICH WIDOW.

These may be called the pleasures of losing a Husband. And what then ? Why, by this time the Remembrance of her first Husband begins to wear out of her Memory ; and she begins to set up for *Widow Catchdolt*. And thus the Game begins. She takes fair Lodgings, and a cunning: Wench

Wench to her Servant. The Mistris talks at the rate of a Thousand a year, the Maid at Two thousand. The Mistris shews her self every day at Morning Prayers: She pretends to Fast that day of the VWeek that her Husband died; that's to shew her her good Nature, and respect to her Deceas'd Husband. The Maid *Madam's* her at every word; and in all her discourse with the Servants of the House, talks of nothing but what great matches her Mistris might have had; and what a good Condition'd saving thrifty VWoman she is——There is but one thing vexes her, that her Mistris sends her about to her Attornies and Sollicitors, upon so many Errands that she has hardly time to mend her Stockins.

Now the noise of a Rich VVidow, flies about the Town, as swift as Fire-works upon a Rope; she is quickly smelt out by young Fops, old Usurers, middle ag'd Bankrupts; but she keeps 'em all at the staves end. At length she culls out one fit for her purpose; and to him at first she shews some glimmerings of her Favour——tells him she had never any thoughts of Marriage——for indeed, what should she that had enough to live on of her own, free and uncontroul'd, thrust her self again

gain under the yolk of Matrimony?—
 But he—seem'd to be a person of so
 much worth, that she knew what time,
 and the Experience and Tryals of his Af-
 fection might produce. But the Gentle-
 man is in haste, pushes on for consent, uses
 all his Rhetorick, tells her the very bottom
 of all his concerns—He! no not he,
 Heaven knows his Heart; he does not
 Marry her for her Estate, but for the good
 Opinion he has of her Virtue—had she
 ne'er a Farthing in the VWorld, he would
 have her before all the VWomen in Nature.
 And now she has him in her Noose. In
 the mean time the cunning Gypsie runs
 in debt to the Mercer, the Linen-Dra-
 per, the Lace-women, the Milliner, Tay-
 lor; taking her rounds through all the
 Quarters of the City, till she has got load
 enough upon her Back. At last having got
 her full Cargo, she begins to melt, and
 tells the young Fop that his Seduci-
 ty, his great Affection and the Extraordi-
 nary Character she has heard of him, has
 quite won her Heart. Away they go to
 Church and are Marry'd; and the next
 day after the VWedding, the poor Gentle-
 man is Arrested, Action upon Action, VVrit
 upon VVrit; some debts he pays off, but
 finding 'em encrease like *Hydra's* Heads,
 he

he betakes himself into *Alsatia*, and so her works done; for she has got a Jointure, and that was what she aim'd at.

XVI. *A True and Accurate Description of
Poor and Comfortless Wedlock.*

Hitherto we have been talking of those that had either plentiful, or moderate Fortunes to begin the VWorld withal, and if any thing render'd their Marriage uncomfortable, it was their own Folly or Prodigality. But d'ye think of People that will be marrying, when they have hardly Money enough to buy 'em a Pickl'd-Herring to their VWedding-Dinner? They are like to have a Comfortable State of it. The Dreggs of the *Mobile*, the prophane Vulgar; the Man cries, *Old Shoes or Hats*, and the VWoman, *Long Thread Laces two a Penny*; Beggars by Birth, and Born to be no other as long as they live; and yet as needy as they are they will be Encreasing and Multiplying, and find the way as well as those of Thousands a year, to have a numerous Stock of naked Brats; chargeable Blessings to those who have hardly where-with-all to feed themselves; and yet most commonly they are more productive, than Ladies of Quality. One trudges a-
bout

bout the Streets crying *Bellows to mend* ;
 another with his Ass and himself goes all
 the Day long from Door to Door to sell
 Vinegar ; another sits all Day iⁿ the Cold,
 selling Rotten-Figs *a ha' penny a pound*,
 and yet when they come home a Nights,
 without the help of Sheets and warm Co-
 verlets get Boys and Girls, as if they had
 whole Territories at Command ; accord-
 ing to the *Dutch Proverb*, when a thing is
 done effectually, and to the purpose, *That*
is done, as Poor Men get Children. Nay,
 suppose 'em to be a step higher, of the
 meaner sort of *Mechanicks*, that cut Ta-
 baco, or carry the Milk-pail after their
 Wives ; suppose him a stiffer of Buck-
 ram, or some poor Weaver ; yet if any of
 these prove Idle and Careless in their Cal-
 lings, the craving Stomach of the hungry
 young Infant will weary them into a Re-
 membrance of their Paternal Duty, to pro-
 vide for their Off-spring, since they were
 not so cautious to consider what they did
 before they went to Clicketting.

• Thus the poor Miserable Father, after a
 long days tedious Drudgery, having been
 toiling and moiling some hours before the
 Sun appeared in our Hemisphere, and
 drudging on till day-light had been long
 shut in, at length comes home to give the

Nature some Refreshment. But instead of that he finds a Torment, far more pinching than his Poverty. Down he sits him at one end of the Room, munching the only Provision of his Cupboard, a piece of hard Cheese, and the Remains of a Course Brown-Loaf; at the other end, which is not above three yards off, he beholds his disconsolate Wife, sitting like the Picture of Ill-Luck, or the deplorable Prospect of Charity, with one Child sucking at her Breast, another in her Lap, a Third wallowing upon the Floor, and a Fourth grasping her Knees bawling for Bread, crying for Drink, rubbing and yawling to be undrest, which requires no great pains (a charming piece of Musick to congratulate his Ears, a most ravishing Sound, enough to drive a Man out of his Wits, when he finds his Repentance too late;) and thus you'll say the poor Man and the poor Woman have their Hands and their Hearts full. God help 'em, the Man rocks the Cradle, and the Woman deals her Miserable Doles to the craving Bantlings; and all little enough to satisfy the restless hunger of growing Stomachs.

This is a sad manner of Living 'tis true, and therefore you think the Man repents him of his Bargain. But alas, he knows
no

no better, and Custom is a second Nature. He is as contented with his Hardship, as a Duke with all his Pomp and Gallantry. There are Pleasures in Misery, Pleasures in Nastiness, Pleasures in Poverty, more than in all the Wealth of *Craesus*. This Man is freed from the Persecutions of Envy, Malice and Hatred, and should a Foreign Enemy Conquer the Land, he's but where he was. He fears neither Plundering nor Sequestrations; and then his Children in a few years are able to shift for themselves, like the Beasts of the Field. Should Cows and Sows, Conies and Hares, require Estates to bring up their Young ones, what vast Revenues ought they to have, that bring so many into the World at a Time. VVhat says the Proverb? God never sends Mouths, but he provides Meat. *Romulus*, *Remus* and *Orson*, never troubled their Parents for Nurse-hire, New Coats, or First and Second Shooes, and yet the two First built the *Mistress of the World*, and the other became a Famous Champion. So that it is not Poverty that makes Marriage unpleasant, but the uneasiness of Penury to those that are un-able to bear it.

But suppose the poor Man be sensible of his Condition, and that he begin to find poor Wedlock uncomfortable; What then?

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Why then his Charges still increasing, and his pitiful Trade decaying, he takes Heart a Grace, and resolves for the future to live as merry a Life as he can, quite out of the Noise, to turn good Fellow, and frequent the Tipling-Houses more, and his calling less than ever.

Now what of all this? If the Man be but so Ingenious as to learn the true Knack of all *Fours*, he may get his Drink, and a Penny-Roll too into the Bargain, and sit merry iⁿ the Ale-House till the Bell-man cry *Past Two a Clock, and a Star-Light Morning*. But you'll say he must go home iⁿ the Morning; at least, if he can't go he must reel home with emptiness in his Pocket: However his Heart is light, and that's the main Business of all. But then you'll say comes the Torment of Torments; for his Wife, a Domestick indeed, but a Creature sometimes as untameable as a Lyonsess, gives him a *Reveille* far lowder than a Morning Drum. Well *Thomas*, quo she, dost thou think I am able to endure this cursed Life? Hickup—quo he. Canst thou think that I will be thus confined at home with a parcel of Children about my Ears, without Bread, or Drink to put their Bellies—Hickup—quo he—while you are Roguing abroad all Day and

all

all Night, with a Company of Sots no better than your self——Hickup again——By my truly I am not able to bear it any longer——I'm resolved to go abroad too, and let who's will provide for the Children——Peace Doll——Hickup again——quo he——I shall find out your haunts——and then I'll come and rout you, and your Pot Companions; see if I don't——Now, what of all this——The poor Man has washed away all Sorrow from his Liver; and what cares he for a little scolding? He's up betimes the next Morning, and so the VWorld goes merrily with him; let home take care for it self; 'tis so poor and mean, 'tis not worth his Trouble. Or if he be a surly Fellow, and Quarrellsome in his Drink, then he lays his brawny Arms upon her, and thumps her back for the Misbehaviour of her Tongue. For the Vulgar of *England* are plaguy Learned; and know their Privilege by Creation, and the Law of Nature, as well as the Parson of the Parish.

And now the poor Man is become irrecoverably lost, he minds neither his Calling nor his Home. He doats upon *all-Fours*, to which he is so bewiched, that he Dreams of nothing but *Jack*, and *Up-permost*, and for the Rest he cries, *the Pa-*

wife is bound to find us. Or if he do VVork a little, 'tis only to work himself into Credit in the Ale-House by now and then rubbing off the Old-Scores.

But now the Poor VVoman at home, seeing her self exposed to utter-Desolation, beyond the Relief of Charity abroad ; for tho your poor VVomen are very miserable, yet they are very lazy , and hate Work as they hate the Devil. They will not touch a Mop or Rubbing Brush, unless they may be re-inforc'd now and then with a Cup of good Ale ; I say this lazy beggarly Quean seeing her self deserted by her Husband, resolves to be as good as her VVord, and to find him out if he be above Ground ; and at last, either by Information or Accident, for VVomen are meer Devils at Conjectures of this Nature, she hits the scent and follows it so close, that in she comes, with a *Where's my Husband ?* Your Husband, quo the VVoman o' the House, who's he ? *Goodman such a One.* Oh ! he's iⁿ the Fox——and always is I think, quo his Wife : Away she goes, and enters in the Name of Legion. The Men, who thought of nothing less than such a Surprise, sneak up their Devil's Books, and finding no other Remedy call in for a fresh Pot. But nothing more inflames her than

to see some Dirty Doxy tipling in the Company. At her she lets fly whole Volkeys of Jades, Bitches, Whores, and would have been at her Coif too, but that the Men prevented her. But seeing she cannot have her Revenge that way, she sends a shewre of Candlesticks, Black-Pots, and Tabaco-Pipes at her Husbands Head, who takes all patiently for the present, because the Peace is carefully kept by the Standers-by. Now what of all this? This is all Natural, and where things run in a Natural Course, never let a Man trouble himself to disturb the Order of Nature. Men of Breeding Love to live at quiet with their Wives: But the Rabble love this Hoggish, brawling, brangling Life of Necessity. 'Tis the Nature of some Beasts that they cannot Copulate without making a hideous noise; & what a sputtering & spitting, & scratching, & biting & growling & wawling do Cats keep in the height of their Caresses. If Men and Women will be Beasts, who can help it? And if they will marry, they must be allowed their Conjugal Delights as well as others. Should not poor People get Children and leave them to the Parish, what would become of one great Member of Charity; there would be no Foot-Souldiers to be squandered away in War; Gentlemen would want Foot-

Boys (for 'tis impossible they should get sufficient for the whole Nation themselves.) The Merchants would want Car-Men and Porters; and in a word, if these poor People were not bad Husbands the Hospitals would want Blew-Coats, and the Plantations want People.

XVII. *Of Charms and Philters, what they are, and the wonderful Effects wrought by them.*

WEE are now come to a sort of People both Men and Women, that to satisfy their inflamed Desires, make their Addresses to the Devil or his Ministers, which is the same thing, either for the Procuration of Affection; or to revenge themselves for the Scorns and Slights of those that refuse their Courtship; or to reinforce Nature, when exhausted by the Excess of Venereal Combats.

'Tis a hard matter to root out of the Minds of young People, what they have suck'd in with their Mother's Milk. So that you may sooner make them believe the Moon to be made of a Milk-Bowl, than make them unbelieve those Fables which their Nurses instil into their Tender Breasts.

Tell

Tell Persons of this Humour, a little before they are going to be Married, that you intend to prevent their sport upon the Wedding-Night by tying a knot upon their Cod-piece points, and the Fools bigotted to Enchantment shall receive such an Impression of the Enchantment in their minds, that the Operation of their Fancies shall hinder the Operation of their Weapons.

Which happened to a certain Couper that wrought at a Gentleman's House in the Country, who having told Tales of the Gentleman's Son to his Father, the unlucky Stripling, to revenge himself of the Couper, who was to be Married in a short time, made him believe that he would knit his Cod-piece Point upon his Wedding Night; bragging withal, what other strange things he could do. Which threats of the young Lad, who was look'd upon by the Couper as a Scholar, and one that studied the black Art, made such a deep Impression in the Couper's Mind, that 'twas above a Month after his Wedding before he could Accomplish his Marriage. Sometimes he had a Desire, but then the Imagination of the Witch-Craft cooled his Courage as fast. So that his Wife, who was a brisk young Girl, finding her self so strangely disappointed in the first Fruits of her Conjugal Duty, began

gan to have an Aversion for him, and in disdain of his Imbecillity, gave out that he was bewitched. Thereupon, the poor Couper was frump'd, jear'd and hiss'd at by all his Companions in the Parish; in so much, that he began to think the World was at an end with him; 'till the young Scholar making him sensible of the Infirmary of his Pate, rather than his Cod-piece, restor'd him after twenty eight days Enchantment to his first Activity.

There are other Trifles, which some folks, to make them selves sport, insinuate into the Brains of shallow-brain'd People; as when they prescribe the Leaves of *St. John's Wort*, and *Rue*, gathered in the Night-time, to be sowed in a Linen Bag, with a Needle that has been used for the Shrowds of dead People, and hung about a young Virgin's Neck, with the Sinew of a Wolf to preserve her Maiden-Head; or certain *Ephesian* Characters written with the Blood of a *Bat*, and hung about the young Married Woman's Neck for the same purpose: of spitting three times in the Dull, or in the Woman's Bosom, and murmuring certain cramp Words, at the same time that the Priest pronounces the Words, *Conjuncto vos*. On the other side, there are others that to prevent the force of these Enchantments will

will direct the Persons so infatuated to grease the Door of the Nuptial Chamber with the fat of a Wolf, or Black-Dog, or to tie the Testicles of a Cock to the Bed-Posts ; or to strew Beans cut in halves in the Chamber ; but these are all Idle Fables of Old Women, which they that believe deserve to be coax'd out of their Money and their Wits too.

The same is to be said, as to the Impostures of Judicial Astrologers, who have as much Dominion over the Conjunctions of Men and Women, as over the Conjunctions of the Stars.

But as for Provocatives and Philters, Experience confirms the use of them to be more prevalent. *Circe* and *Medea* were famous for those sort of Brewages, and *Mark Antony* found the good Effects of them by the Instructions of his Friend *Soranus*, to satisfy the inordinate Desires of his Mistress *Cleopatra*. And the Modern Story of the Trades-man, that went a dunning to the Lord, and received his payment in a Lusty Morning's draught, sufficiently testifies the Vertue of those Mixtures. How did *Livia* handle poor *Drusus* by the Villainous cunning of that Empirick *Eudemus* ? How did *Messalina* lie in Common, and bring poor *Claudius* to ruin, by the private help of
Vestius.

Vestius Valentius, a most subtil Caterpillar of an Empirick. But if Men or Women will be too busie with these Potions, 'tis not the fault of Matrimony, but the folly of them that make too Excessive use of them, which brings them to untimely Repentance. Tho sometimes they may serve a Man in great stead, when having quarrelled with his Wife without a Cause, he desires Reconciliation. Then let him take a moderate Dose, and he will find a double Pleasure, not only Pleasures of Matrimony, but of the renewed Amity with his Wife.

And thus we have run through all the Pleasures of, in and about Matrimony, wherein, as we find nothing that deserves so many loud Out-cries against it; so we cannot but look upon these Murmurers against it, to be only such as care not for the Fetters of Ceremony; a loose sort of People, that reject all Laws of convenience, when repugnant to their own Appetites. And therefore since we cannot live without Matrimony, nor propagate the World without it, we must look upon those who thus exclaim against it, and cry it down, as the Enemies of Man-kind.

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